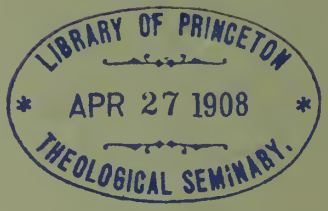

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Report of Tripoli Girls' School.

In charge of Miss La Grange and Miss Hunting.

This was the year when kitchen, storeroom, workroom and dining-room all moved, without help from the Board, to the basement. The new quarters open on the garden and croquet ground. The dining-room is commodious, even spacious, after the crowded sardine-box of previous years. The kitchen was planned after our own heart, with water, drain, fireplaces and a place for everything. The vacated rooms of the floor above were promptly appropriated for a new dormitory. Everybody was happy with the new arrangements with a joy that continued unabated through the year. We were able to add ten boarders, making our number sixty-three. Our pupils included one sometime resident of Nova Scotia, another of Brazil, another born in Australia, one in New Zealand. So they come back to us from the four quarters of the globe. The little Australian kept the younger ones lively after retiring, by creeping about among their beds and tickling their feet! She outgrew such things later on. Many new girls had to be trained not to mark the walls, desks, etc., and to leave off filthy habits. Younger ones were put in charge of "little mothers," older ones in charge of "little sisters," and so were formed useful relations between them.

The breakfast, this year, was hot milk, bread and olives; only two or three held out against the milk régime. Fifteen charity girls helped about the supper, peeling potatoes and frying them in sweet olive oil. Eggplant was done in the same way, other days, ditto green beans, which had first to be strung, a long job of the day before. Other days we had *hellawy* for supper. This is a small seed, pounded and made into a stiff, waxy paste with molasses or sugar.

A basketball was given us, and the older girls, with flushed faces and disheveled hair, played basketball, and great was the excitement on those days.

On Thursdays girls went out, one at a time, with a teacher for house-to-house work. At the last Communion, one of the Greek girls of the highest class was received into the church and there was no disturbance, though the occasion was public. This girl has been more loved and esteemed than any other in school, an example to all. Others have also taken the same step this year. We are praying that Syria may be a witness to such "a coming of the Lord" as they have seen in India.

TRIPOLI CITY, SYRIA.
Crusaders' Castle, now a gaol, on the left.

We had a fine kindergarten with one of our own girls as kindergartner. The little people have been happy and blessed. On the warm afternoons this summer we spread rugs or old carpet on the floor and they took a nap. We had Kindergarten Day in June, inviting parents to see their children in their plays and songs and to inspect their work which was hung around the room. The whole school was put on exhibition at the same time and people climbed the stairs and went to all parts of the house. July 4, the girls took their way homeward, some in carriages, a new thing, more on horses, mules or donkeys. We had the largest school of all years and hope our girls are giving out what they so freely received.

Harriet La Grange.

WOMAN'S WORK

Vol. XXI. JANUARY, 1906. No. 1.

AFTER what had become almost intolerable waiting, the first letters regarding the tragedy at Lienchow, China, reached the Board of Foreign Missions Dec. 11, forty days behind the first cablegram. While in many respects they confirm previous newspaper reports, important differences exist between these and the communications which we print from Dr. Noyes and his son, and which, it is needless to say, are of the highest authority.

ALAS! it is true that those reported indignities which we refused to believe were heaped upon the martyrs. We may not dwell on the thought—with them it counts as the affliction of but a moment. We should rather take counsel of such words as Dr. Alexander spoke at the Memorial Meeting in New York, reminding us that our friends had borne a testimony *unanswerable* and Calvary was re-enacted, as it were, in their deaths. *Jesus* was stripped. *Jesus* was reviled. *Jesus* hung on a cross of shame.

AMID the darkness two faces shine out resplendent. Eleanor Chesnut threw away a chance to save her life rather than leave her associates, and when she begged for life it was not for herself but the strangers just arrived. Mrs. Machle, when she saw the last struggle approaching, spoke not of self, of husband or of children, but implored her murderers to turn to the true God. Perpetua and Felicitas in the arena at Carthage, names fragrant in the Christian Church for eighteen centuries, were not purer, loftier martyrs than these two at Lienchow, whom we knew and loved.

IT is cause for great thankfulness that two missionary lives were spared at Lienchow and, though the cry, "Kill the Christians!" was raised, as far as known they all escaped. To the man who rescued Miss Patterson, a debt of gratitude is owed which in all honor should be paid. One character like that redeems the frenzied crowd from wholesale condemnation.

DR. MACHLE says that he hopes to have the privilege of rebuilding his station and spending his remaining days among the people there.

ALL the mission buildings were burned: two residences, women's Reception Hall, church and two hospitals. About $12,000 is required to replace them.

THE outbreak began about nine o'clock when the doctors went to make their morning round in the hospitals, and all was over in, probably, six or seven hours. The medical objects which so greatly fanned the excitement were necessary in training Chinese to be medical assistants, and Dr. Chesnut carried hers out from America two years ago.

FOUR men have sent in offers to the Board of Foreign Missions to take the place of Mr. Peale.

REGARDING causes of the massacre, some things might be said, but we defer all statements until the Commission appointed by our Government has concluded its investigations. The Commission is composed of U. S. Consul-General Lay, Commander Evans of the *Oregon*, and Lieut. Dismukes of the *Monadnock*. The Mission is represented by three Canton men and the Chinese Government by high officials.

WE are told that Mr. Wong, "one of our Lienchow boys" who has been preaching and studying in San Francisco, gave up his plan of returning to China next year and, instead, sailed Dec. 16, in order to strengthen the mission in this hour of its calamity.

THIS magazine has been held back three working days waiting for the China mail, and four extra pages have been incorporated, in order to send out the facts obtained as early as possible.

WHILE China naturally fills the foreground this month, WOMAN'S WORK is enriched by rare communications from several other countries.

THE Committee in charge has sent out a delightful little WOMAN'S WORK calendar, for use by Secretaries of Literature. Obtained at each Board headquarters.

SOME of our workers forget a great resource which is ready to their hand, the *Annual Report* covering all the foreign missionary work of the Church. The Report of one Woman's Board covers a small section, here is the whole field in a volume weighing twenty-six ounces. Thirteen cents postage and a polite request sent to *Chas. W. Hand, Treas., 156 Fifth Ave., New York*, will bring it.

OUR neighbor *The Mission Gleaner*, published by the Reformed (Dutch) Church women, has lost its beloved editor of twenty-two years past. Mrs. Cobb's pen always rang true for missions. Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, twelve years the able editor of *Woman's Missionary Friend*, to which she gave a marked literary character, has also presented her resignation to the Methodist Episcopal Society. The recent death of Mrs. Esther Pritchard recalls the stamp put upon the *Friends Missionary Advocate* during her editorship, and not lost in the years since. To all these comrade publications WOMAN'S WORK tenders sympathy for their losses, congratulations on their present management and the wish that they may continue to grow in influence and usefulness.

THE *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for October contains a picture of one of four women still living, who were baptized by Dr. Judson.

THE seventh Interdenominational Conference of women's foreign missionary societies in the United States and Canada will be held in Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28–March 1. Mrs. Thorpe, president of the Philadelphia Society, will represent the Presbyterian women and, to her, all inquiries may be addressed.

ANOTHER Africa book is recommended without qualification—*The Colonization of Africa by Alien Races*, by Sir Harry H. Johnston. (Macmillan's Cambridge Series, $1.50.) The careful reader gets a good understanding of the exploration and partition of Africa as well as colonization, and first-hand information upon the slave trade and many other subjects. A series of eight very beautiful maps—"Africa as Known to the Ancients," "Mohammedan Africa," "British Africa," "French Africa" etc., doubles the value of the book. Be sure to get the *new edition*, 1905.

THE *Witness* and other India papers have published accounts of a revival at Mukti, Pundita Ramabai's Home for girls in Poona District. The way was prepared by a "praying band" and the first token was given in a meeting June 30, when Ramabai was obliged to stop speaking because all the girls were crying and praying aloud. "The noise became like the roar of a waterfall and Hindu neighbors came running in to know what had happened." This feature of sound has prevailed all through. A worker reports: "I knelt to pray and had said only two sentences when the whole company burst forth simultaneously in audible prayer which increased in volume and went on three hours without a break;" and, yet, "there is no sense of disorder or confusion." Some experienced intense suffering for sin—"they cared neither for food nor sleep," and when the darkness passed they jumped, shouted and clapped hands for joy. "These ignorant girls, so lately out of heathenism, have never learned self-control and many extraordinary things take place. It reminds one of our Lord casting out evil spirits." In the course of six weeks about five hundred souls, one-third of the Mukti family, were added to the Lord. We know that Ramabai would be thankful for the prayers of Christians that these may all stand fast.

TRIPOLI NOTES.—A new thing, a boys' boarding-school. End of first year and "everything to be grateful for." Besides fifty day pupils, a family of thirty-six lads, "from Jurji, a lovable little rascal, up to big Atiyeh, with his black mustache. We loved them, prayed for them, taught them, played with them and disciplined them, as need arose." These boys, when forbidden to use the oaths so common in all Syria, invented a substitute and now weigh down their important remarks with, "By the honor of the school, it is true." Through the school, a center of influence was gained in three new villages.

Missionaries Taken Home in 1905.

Mrs. Abbie M. Stebbins, India, January 9.
Capt. Peter Menkel, Africa, May 10.
Mrs. William B. Hunt, Korea, May 14.
Miss Charlotte Montgomery, Persia, June 10.
Mrs. Walter B. Toy, Siam, June 22.
Miss Kate N. Fleeson, Laos, July 3.
Mrs. Chas. B. Newton, India, August 2.
Joseph P. Cochran, M.D., Persia, August 18.
Mrs. Edward C. Machle, China, October 28.
Dr. Eleanor Chesnut, " "
Rev. John Rogers Peale, " "
Mrs. J. R. Peale, " "

The Martyr Band of Lienchow, China.

testimony of Rev. Henry V. Noyes, by letter dated Canton, Nov. 11.

I wish to speak of the charge of "indiscretion on the part of the Lienchow missionaries." I do not wish the Church at home to be misled, or friends to have their minds disturbed in regard to our beloved missionaries who have been taken from our midst by a cruel but triumphant death.

The story has gone abroad that Dr. Machle interfered with an idol procession and took away an idol and thus brought on the trouble. The charge is absolutely false. There was no idol procession.

I wish to say with the strongest possible emphasis that our missionaries in Lienchow have been rare examples of what may be accomplished by tactful treatment of the Chinese and constant discretion. That they have been attacked by a brutal band of ruffians only makes their conduct and character shine brighter in heaven's own light. It was a piece of great presumption for the neighboring village last year to put a portion of their sheds for an idolatrous festival on the mission premises. Dr. Machle arranged the matter with the village elders, telling them that he had no right to interfere with their worship in the temple near by, but this worship was contrary to our worship and principles and they ought not to put their places for such festivals on our premises. To this they agreed and promised that, ever after, this would not be done. Why this year they had arranged to have their sheds up just when Dr. Machle arrived is suggestive, but again Dr. Machle had a consultation with the village elders, who agreed that they ought not to put these sheds on mission property. They told him it was all satisfactory. The same as last year, he did not require them to move, but only asked them not to do it next year.

It was after this satisfactory settlement that a brutal band of ruffians came suddenly on the scene with robbery and murder in their hearts and the weapons for its accomplishment in their hands. The village elders urged them to desist, saying that everything was satisfactory with Dr. Machle. They did for the moment desist, but after Dr. Machle started for the hospital they came again determined to carry out their wicked designs, which they did to the bitter end. Miss Patterson says they did not have any suspicion that the mob intended to take life until a very short time before it happened, but supposed they would only loot and destroy the buildings, and apparently this was what went on for some time. The officials also assured them that they need have no fear for themselves. Dr. Machle and Miss Patterson tell us that it is known that the real work of destruction was done by a hundred and fifty men, not the people in general; that the names of these men are known, as well as of their leaders.

Our hearts' tenderest sympathy and affection gather around the survivors and to the last extent of our ability we will cast in our lot with them, and shield their characters from unjust aspersion and their lives from harm; nor will we do less to preserve sacred the memory of the sainted dead. Noble, consecrated lives were theirs; brief agony, and then the martyrs' crown. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

From Rev. Wm. Noyes.

"On Nov. 1st, late in the afternoon, Dr. Beattie called on us. We met him with a smile and a jest but he did not respond. We saw that something very serious had happened. We could not believe that four of our colleagues with a little girl had been killed by a mob. I went at once with Dr. Beattie to the Consulate. There, the announcement had been received from the French Consul that all our buildings at Lienchow were burned on October 28 and that five Americans had per-

ished. Soon after our arrival at the Consulate, the Roman Catholic Bishop came from the Cathedral with letters sent him by the priest in Lienchow, and then we had to believe the sad news, for the statement of what had been destroyed and names of the people were given accurately. The word had come down by a special courier and reached Canton in three days; the usual time is five days. The headquarters of the Boycott heard of the affair before officials admitted they had heard. . . .

"Dr. Beattie, Dr. Todd and myself set out the day after, to go up to Lienchow. All day long we lay in the river off South Gate wharf with the sun beating down on our little Chinese gunboat. At six o'clock in the evening it headed up river with two large houseboats in tow, one with troops, sixty in number, the other for officials. All that night we crawled. Nov. 3, at four in the afternoon, we dropped anchor at Sam Shui to look for a pilot. This point is in a straight line thirty miles from Canton. A day and a half had been spent in getting started and making thirty miles, and by the morning of the fifth day we had made about eighty-five miles. Here we had to transfer from the houseboat to a lighter draught boat. All this time we three missionaries were getting desperately impatient. We had not pushed out more than an hour when we received a Chinese calling card. It was Dr. Machle's. We turned back at once to him, and it was considered advisable to return to Canton. So the survivors brought us back and from them we heard the sad story.

[On the morning of Oct. 28 occurred the interview between Dr. Machle and the elders, and the latter urged the armed ruffians to "desist," as described above by Dr. Noyes. At that point, the paragraphs following take up the account.—EDITOR.]

"This did not, however, prevent one man from striking Dr. Machle on the arm with a bamboo pole and a stone from hitting him over the eye, but the crowd did move away, so Dr. Machle did not think it a very serious matter. He went up to his house to get a card and send in to let the officials know what had happened.

"While these things were happening, Dr. Chesnut thought she would go over the river to the yamen herself. She could not get through on account of the crowd and was taken on board a guard boat. After a little, Dr. Chesnut insisted on going back to the rest of the missionaries. She said, 'If they are to be slaughtered, I shall go and die with them.' Then with a guard, she went back to the house.

"All except Dr. Machle gathered in an upper room. He sent a man to the officials. They came with attendants (soldiers unarmed.—ED.), but the mob was too great for them and set fire to the Woman's Hospital. Before doing this, they had found a skull and other medical specimens which they carried through the streets to inflame the people. It succeeded, for in a short time there were five or six thousand people gathered around, not all rioters but countenancing them in their wicked work. After firing the two hospitals the crowd paused. The officials assured the missionaries that they were safe, but thought it advisable for them to go to the yamen; they were told to wait until a boat was called. After a little, a man told them there was a boat ready. The missionaries thought the man was one of the official attendants, but they had been betrayed. Then, fearing a trap, they thought they would strike for open country. They were led to fear treachery because the temple people demanded money. It was too late; they had to rush into the temple at the mouth of the cave. As Dr. Machle stayed behind to close the temple doors, the rest quickly disappeared in the darkness. He had just closed the doors when the stones began to fly against them. On the way in, two men found him and demanded his valuables. He handed them out, and heard these two say to others, on the way out, 'He isn't there, for we have just come out from that place.'"

According to the Hong Kong *Telegraph*, it was noon when the missionaries reached the cave in which they took refuge. The place is fully a mile and a quarter up the river from their residences. River, Buddhist temple and cave are all together, and the entrance to the cave is through the temple. It must be a large and strange affair and, like other caves, is dark. Our friends, it appears, became separated. Mr. and Mrs. Peale were hidden by themselves. Dr. Machle, having acted as rear-guard in the flight, called his wife's name over and over in the darkness, but no answer came and he was alone. The women coming up against a narrow place, Miss Patterson squeezed through but Mrs. Machle was too stout to follow and she, Amy and Dr. Chesnut remained behind and clung together until forcibly separated. The mob found them and led them out to the foot of a tree, and there occurred an incident which Chinese witnesses report and which is so characteristic that it must be true. They say that, sitting under the tree, Dr. Chesnut pleaded for the lives of the Peales:

"If we have ever done you harm, kill us, but don't kill these new missionaries, for they have never done anything to you." Rightly says Mr. Noyes: "Dr. Chesnut was a heroine at this time, but that was just her habit. Other things could be told of this brave little woman in her service on the field."

But the mob could not be touched. Would a New York mob be touched? They took Dr. Chesnut and little Amy to the river and in its waters their earthly course was finished. Mrs. Machle's mother-heart was spared the sight and,

as the Chinese relate, she calmly preached the message of salvation to the very end. Who knows but some one, who cruelly looked on and saw the exaltation on her face, may by and by be saying, "It is hard to kick against the pricks"? A half-hour later "as a lamb to the slaughter" Mr. and Mrs. Peale were brought forth "and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb" so they opened not their mouth. They got their crowning, not as we had expected, after a life of long sacrifice but in less than twenty-four hours after they reached Lienchow.

Some of the ignorant mob were left scouring the cave in search of the two victims who had escaped them, and the rest gave themselves to feasting.

Miss Patterson having come through the narrow place was sitting on the ground when a Chinese man came up and said: "It is not safe here. I am a Christian; follow me." He had not been a Christian but declared himself thus, to secure her confidence. He had been a patient in the Hospital and was so grateful to Dr. Machle that he risked his life for a missionary. The man dropped Miss Patterson into a well fifteen feet deep and at evening conducted her to Dr. Machle.

The Doctor himself, when he could not find Mrs. Machle, scooped out a bed under water against the cave wall and covered himself with the wet sand. All the afternoon searching parties came through, some of them with torches and only a few feet away. When, at four o'clock, a military officer appeared and called his name in a friendly voice that could be trusted, the Doctor disclosed himself and in the evening, both he and Miss Patterson, arrayed in soldiers' uniforms, were taken by an official to the civil magistrate's yamen. Four days they were under yamen protection, and on the fifth stole out before dawn to a guard-boat, and were taken down river till they met the Canton men going up. We cannot forbear quoting the beautiful close of Mr. Noyes' letter:

"The murderers need the gospel. The people not responsible there in Lienchow need it. Men are dying in sin and sorrow, going down to a Christless grave. Our friends lived in hope and died in the hope of being with Christ as the most important thing in this world and the next. The tears will come as we write, but we know that this work must go on. We must write for more like Mrs. Machle, Dr. Chesnut and the Peales to come out and do what they would have liked to do. I can write no more, for the whole thing comes over me so that it is impossible. Don't have thoughts too hard against the Chinese!"

BIOGRAPHICAL

MRS. EDWARD C. MACHLE (Ella May Wood) was born in Philadelphia, October 28, 1859, the daughter of Howard C. and Hannah C. Wood. Her ancestors on her mother's side, the Addlemans, were among the earliest settlers of Barren Hill and Chestnut Hill. Her great-grandfather, Wm. MacClay, born in Scotland, came to America in early manhood and married Margaret Monroe, an aunt of President James Monroe.

ELLA WOOD MACHLE.

Mrs. Machle was graduated from what was then the Germantown High School. Later she opened a kindergarten in Philadelphia, and was a successful and popular teacher. As an active member of Wharton Street Church she had charge of the infant class and taught in Chinese Sabbath-school. She was the oldest of six children and was always noted for her self-sacrificing disposition. She was really a second mother to her brothers and sisters. She had a host of admiring friends who were loyal to her during her sixteen years in China.

July, 1889, she was married to Dr.

Machle of Cincinnati, Ohio, who while a student in the Medical College of Philadelphia labored with her for the Chinese in Wharton Street Church. They sailed for their field of labor in Sam Kong, China, accompanied by Miss Louise Johnston, the first missionaries ever sent to that station.

By his skill Dr. Machle soon won the confidence of the people; his wife was equally successful in her several departments of mission work—the girls' boarding-school, work among the women outside, and patients of the Hospital to whom convalescence was made less tedious through her ministry of love and sympathy.

ELEANOR CHESNUT.

Four children constituted their family; the eldest two are left, and are students at Wooster, Ohio. To Mrs. Machle's great sorrow, her mother died two months previous to their arrival home on furlough in 1898. About a year ago the youngest son, Howard, died at Lienchow, the same month her father passed away in America, and in December Dr. Machle buried his father. This succession of sorrows almost prostrated Mrs. Machle, and last summer she was obliged to go to Hong Kong for her health. They started on their return to Lienchow Oct. 8. In a letter written Oct. 12, she said: "We are taking up two new missionaries, Rev. John Rogers Peale and wife. We like them very much, and are glad they are to be at our own station. I used to be afraid of the pirates on the river, but am thankful that all fear has been taken away, and I sleep as soundly as at home. 'Thou Lord only makest us to dwell in safety.'"

On the anniversary of her natal day Mrs. Machle, in company with her young daughter and three devoted missionaries,

> "Climbed the steep ascent to Heaven
> Through peril, toil and pain."

E. H. Newkirk.

ELEANOR CHESNUT was born in Waterloo, Iowa, January 8, 1868, and left an orphan while an infant. She had several brothers, from whom she was separated and, without the love and sympathy of her own home, her childhood was unhappy. When twelve years old she went to an aunt in Missouri, and heard of Park College. Burning always with a desire for education, she wrote to Dr. McAfee, and was admitted the following year to the academic department of the college, where she remained until she finished the collegiate course. Here she was loved and trusted, and she rejoiced in the new life opened to her.

She became a Christian and decided upon a life of missionary service. As a preparation, she studied nursing in Chicago, at the Illinois training school, and not being satisfied with this only, she took the full course at the Woman's Medical College. Her education was further enlarged by the peculiarly fitting experience gained as house physician for six months at the Woman's Reformatory in South Framingham, Mass. After a course of Bible study at Moody Institute, Chicago, she sailed for China in the fall of 1894. During her eleven years of missionary effort, she had one furlough of a year. That year was spent in post-graduate medical work in New York, in caring for a friend, in raising money for a chapel in China, and in

further study at Moody Institute. An offer of marriage which would have allured many a young woman from her chosen work, was declined because Eleanor Chesnut loved to win souls through the power of healing. She always worked with a zeal too intense for her physical strength and had a serious illness about a year ago.

Dr. Chesnut studied Mandarin, Cantonese and the local dialect of Lienchow, and had made several useful translations into Chinese. She studied French and German for pleasure, had a class of two medical students, trained two nurses, was teaching a blind girl massage, besides helping in schools and church work. All this was in addition to care of a regular hospital and dispensary. Once a week, she traveled ten miles on horseback to hold a clinic in Sam Kong.

She had a nature too generous; she supported several destitute Chinese and from her small salary assisted those who had befriended her in childhood.

Dr. Chesnut was always known to be singularly direct and truthful in all she said and did, a very true friend, brave and fearless. She spoke of death as welcome, at any time, for Christ and China, and now she is not for God took her. In that desecration and death at the hands of a frenzied mob, not she alone but the body of Christ has suffered martyrdom. Through her, the Church has had trials of mockings and scourgings, has been afflicted, tormented, has been slain. Shall we not ask our God to honor the sacrifice and to glorify His name in a million souls for each dear life yielded up in Lienchow? *Mary F. Andrews.*

Dr. Chesnut was in the habit of identifying herself with the whole station work and speaking handsomely of every branch of it, of each of her associates and of all the "dear Chinese Christians." During the year that she lived alone, the only white person in Lienchow, the station made substantial progress and she was unmolested. An English scientist passed through the city and was astounded to find this young American woman. He extended his sympathy and made a gift to her Hospital. Rev. W. H. Lingle made her a timely visit. He found Dr. Chesnut preparing to take off a man's leg in order to save his life. Mr. Lingle assisted her, but the slight woman did the surgical work herself. The man lived and believed in her and in Christ. Last year, Dr. Chesnut treated 5,479 patients at the Woman's Hospital.

Though she had been subjected to such an extraordinary period of loneliness, when she came home, in 1902, almost every one was impressed with her merry wit as well as her earnest devotion. While attending clinics in New York, she won the respect of physicians and made friends on every side. Although a cherished missionary of the "Northwest," the New York women, seeing how she was wearing herself out to address societies in order to get funds to build Lienchow church, generously threw their whole Annual Meeting offering into her lap, thus giving her respite and a great joy. An old friend having made her a personal present, she bought with it the first and only silk gown she ever owned and in this we see her in the picture before us.

"Yes," writes an intimate friend, "she did have the spirit of a martyr. When Mr. Fenn gave an eloquent ad-

AMY MACHLE, TEN YEARS OLD.

dress on China and said that if he had many lives, he would gladly give them all for that country, Eleanor turned to me and said, 'Katharine, I honestly believe that I could say the same.'"

E. C. P.

REBECCA GILLESPIE PEALE was born in Cecil County, Maryland, August 16, 1878. She was of Scotch descent and her parents and grandparents on both sides were actively connected with Nottingham church, one of the oldest and most substantial Presbyterian churches in that partof the State.

JOHN ROGERS PEALE.

REBECCA G. PEALE.

Her father, George Gillespie, died when she was but three years of age, and her whole life was spent in the country. She became a member of the Nottingham church when fourteen years old. About four years ago she met Mr. Peale and was married to him June 29, 1905, a few weeks before starting for China.

Mrs. Peale's was the simple, uneventful, happy and cheerful life that one might expect in an environment such as hers. She was reared in a home where Christianity was a thing to be lived, while preached but little. Her life in the church and her relations with its members and all her neighbors were healthy, natural and most happy. Whatever she did in connection with the social and spiritual life of the church was done freely, and with pure enjoyment. She took an interest in the mission work of the church as in every other good thing that came into her life. She always believed in the good done by missionaries, both at home and abroad, but she had not prepared herself especially for missionary service. She went to China, first as a wife, and then as a missionary. When she decided to go, she took up her work with an enthusiasm which grew as she learned more about it and of her husband's devotion to it. She started upon this new life with the same quiet cheerfulness that had endeared her to all her friends and relatives.

Her character and life have been well summed up in a letter written to her mother, Mrs. Gillespie, a few weeks ago: "There are none of us who knew her, whom she had not helped in showing how daily life might be made a religion, and how God's service might consist in doing our ordinary duties cheerfully and well."

Horace Gillespie.

REV. JOHN ROGERS PEALE was born in New Bloomfield, Pa., Sept. 17, 1879.

He was graduated from Lafayette College in 1902; was an honor man in his class; President of the Y. M. C. A.; a member of the Dramatic Association and Delta Upsilon Fraternity. He was editor of the *College Annual,*

won the Coleman Biblical Prize in Freshman year, was three times a delegate to Northfield and was leader of the Volunteer Band. His chief purpose while in college was the spiritual uplift of the college life.

He entered Princeton Seminary in the fall of 1902, where he was one of the most popular men. He was leader of the Volunteer Band and seldom has there been a student there more intensely interested in Foreign Missions. He was a man of constant prayer life. Many men testify that coming into his room, they often found him on his knees. He kept a map of the world hung on his wall to keep ever before him the claims of the world. . . .

He graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1905, having received his M.A. degree from Princeton University in 1904, and sailed to China August 16, 1905. He had been at his station in Lienchow only four* days when the massacre occurred and he and his young wife were slain. His death came as a great shock to the entire student body Yet no greater stimulus could have come to the Seminary for Foreign Missions than the martyrdom of this one beloved by all, who worked so zealously for that cause while here. Instead of its being a damper thrown upon the cause, men are hearing in it a clarion call to rise and fill the gap left vacant.

On Sunday afternoon, November 4, a memorial service was held in the Seminary for Peale, and practically the entire student body and faculty were there. . . . One of the most impressive meetings ever held in Princeton Seminary.

Peale often began a missionary address with the dying words of Charles Young, who died while a Senior in this Seminary, "Go to the heathen, they cannot die as I die." His message to Princeton Seminary and the Presbyterian Church at large is now an invitation, "Come to the heathen, they cannot die as I die." . . .—Condensed from article, "Princeton's Missionary Martyr," by *T. H. C.*

* This is still problematic.—Ed.

Mrs. Peale's aged mother, Mrs. J. A. Gillespie, lives in Colora, Md., whence she wrote, Nov. 27, as follows:

"God is showing me His wonderful love as promised in His Word, and in answer to the prayers of dear Christian friends, though many of them are personally unknown to me. I cannot speak of the terrible manner of the death of my dear ones, but am being enabled more and more to look beyond and straight into the Heavens."

A missionary who narrowly escaped death from the Boxers, in June, 1900, wrote to Mrs. Peale's mother:

"I have been wondering if I should tell you a little of my own experience, could it possibly be any comfort to you in your great sorrow. Dear, loving, sorrowing mother, I know God was with your daughter every step of the way. When we were mobbed by the Chinese and expected to be killed, I was not conscious of fear. My heart was lifted constantly in prayer to God and He was close, *close* to me, every minute. I know Jesus Christ walked with us that day just as He did with the children when they passed through the fire."

From New Bloomfield, Pa., come these appropriate lines:

"Say not, in vain was their service,
In vain for Christ they have died
Ere a single word they uttered
Of the love of the Crucified;
For a loving Father in Heaven
His children's lot doth decide,
And some of them live to His glory
And some to His glory have died."

M. H. B.

Lienchow Church and Schools.

The completion of the church at Lienchow marked a happy day for us all. While at home on furlough Dr. Eleanor Chesnut had labored zealously to secure funds, and many self-denying friends gave liberally to its erection. The Chinese Christians had worked nobly. They leveled the site, in addition to making their contributions. Some of the women, too busy through the day to help, worked in the early hours of the night, carrying stones for the foundation. School-boys put in their spare time, carrying sand and cobblestones.

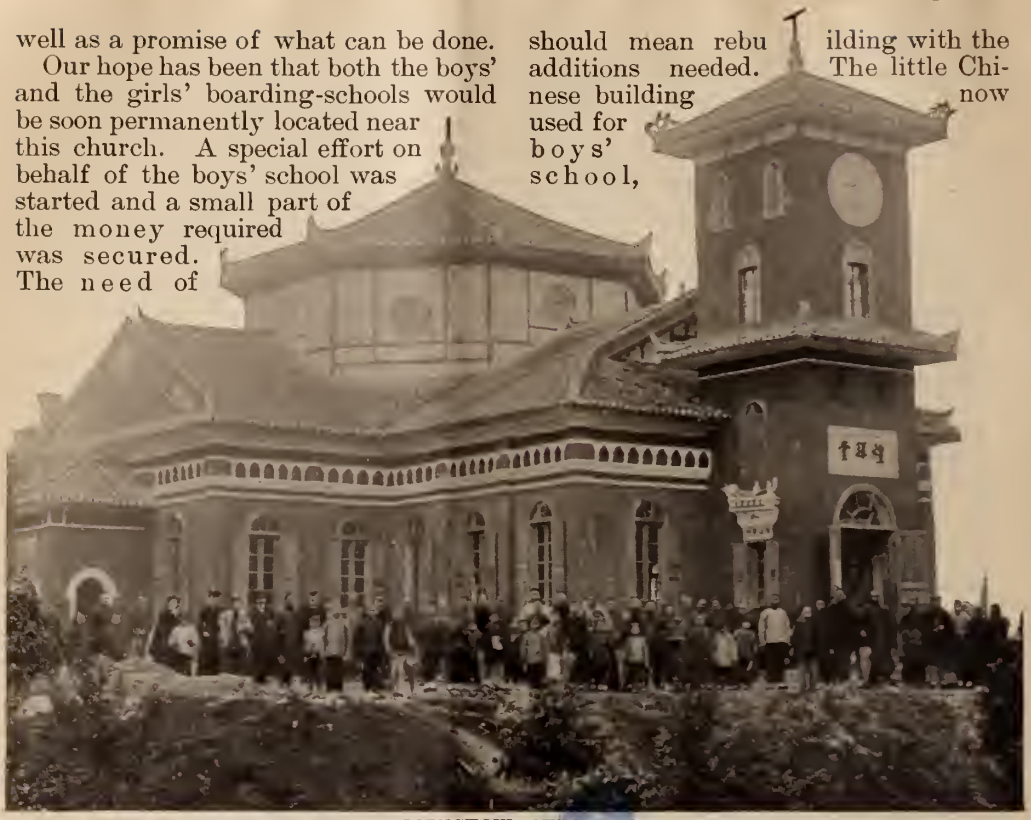
The building was modeled after Wei Hien church. It was in the form of a cross and would seat seven hundred people.

Dedicatory services were held March 1, several missionaries having come from Canton for the occasion. A meeting of Presbytery was held, the first in the history of Lienchow, and one of our faithful preachers, Li Yong Shang, was ordained as evangelist. A fourth elder was also chosen and ordained. The crowning meeting was the Sabbath communion service. The church was crowded. Six adults and two children were baptized. The first baptism was that of a woman eighty-five years of age. She had come over thirty miles to confess her faith in Christ. At each communion, many come as far and a few travel fifty miles to attend.

The organ sent by a class of young women of the Forty-first Street Church, Chicago, added much to the value of all the services. A choir had lately been organized and was a great help as

well as a promise of what can be done.

Our hope has been that both the boys' and the girls' boarding-schools would be soon permanently located near this church. A special effort on behalf of the boys' school was started and a small part of the money required was secured. The need of additions needed. should mean rebuilding with the The little Chinese building now used for boys' school,



THE CHURCH AT LIENCHOW, CHINA. NOW DESTROYED.
Dedication Day, March 1, 1905. Seated 700.

training children of the Christians and also of sending forth workers from among them is urgent. Progress has been slow because of lack of workers and the consequent failure to occupy places which opened to the gospel. The recent calamity, by which our dear co-laborers offered up their lives in the cause of the Lord, should not dishearten us. Destruction of buildings from which many are turned away for lack of room, should give way to an institution worthy of our Presbyterian Church. Prejudice and ignorance still abound, but we believe that under the beneficent influence of the institutions established by the Church of Christ there is the dawning of a better day for China.

Rees F. Edwards.

A Visit to the Dwarfs of Equatorial West Africa.

The other day (June, 1905) I went to see the Dwarfs. Nzhia went with me; he is a Christian studying for the ministry, a man who has often gone with Dr. and Mrs. Lehman on similar expeditions. Besides, I took Bitum, my personal boy, and the donkey. We walked along single file, the head of the caravan first, in a short skirt and woolen putties. After me came Nzhia carrying an umbrella and a lantern, wearing a black felt hat, a white singlet and a cloth, and looking the nice, decent man he is. Then Bitum, his loins girt with a cloth and his burden of my food and bedding strapped on his back; this pack projected above his head a foot or so, and gave him the true carrier air of being top-heavy. The donkey had no burden at all; he was designed to carry me but he cunningly intimated that, were I in any sort of rush, I had best walk. So he ambled along with that sort of covert mischief which makes a donkey no fit comrade on a serious errand. Thus we progressed until we passed through a town where

we were joined by a little boy whose name is Maya. I taught him to read and we are, of course, rather intimate. I allowed him to come with us and afterwards I was glad, for he was so kind to me. He is a small boy in a ragged singlet and a dreary cloth, but he is a born protector. He followed at my heels and guessed what I was thinking about. When I walked logs across streams he walked behind me, and I felt the moth-like touch of his little hands to right and left of me.

After something less than two hours we left the government road for a beautiful forest path, open yet shaded. The bogs bothered us because of the donkey. Sometimes Nzhia carried me on his back. Nature had given Maya the heart but not the body for this act of devotion. It was raining when we came to the town of Moga, where I stopped and spoke in the palaver house to some thirty people, mostly men. While I was speaking there came in by chance a Dwarf named Be, a headman of the Dwarfs whom Dr. Halsey visited. He agreed and seemed glad to show us the way, and presently we started off again in the gray drizzle. When we struck into the bush Be led the caravan. I walked after him and could see the path after he showed it. The wet leaves brushed my face; all the forest was full of a perfect green light; some flowers were here but not many,—rather, all the forest dress was green except where little streams ran brown. Thus we walked for three-quarters of an hour, when Be went ahead to tell the people of his village that a woman of the "Minisi" was coming, and at noon, after a walk of four hours, I stepped into the little clearing where the Dwarf shelters lay. I sat down in the first shelter beside a little shriveled woman who shrank away. I did not speak to her more than to greet her, but looked about me. The settlement lay on the side of a hill and took the form of a rectangle with one side open. There were no houses properly speaking, but four shelters having roofs made of leaves; the eaves sloped from a roof-tree about five feet high; one was carried to the ground, the others at a more open angle stopped short of the ground some four feet. This was your house. It is easiest to enter such a shelter from the open ends. This much I saw while I sat beside the woman.

Presently one little man after another came from somewhere and shook hands with me pleasantly enough, until quite a company was squatting in front of the shelter watching me breathe. The women hung back, I could see them watching from under cover. There must have been twenty adults about the settlement within fifteen minutes of my arrival. The smallest woman did not pass my shoulder (I measure five feet three) and none of them are larger than I. Most of the men are about my size, some larger by half a head, some smaller by as much. One knows them for Dwarfs not so much by size as by some indefinable expression of face—something at the same time dreary and cunning. Their eyes are singularly unsmiling. Sometimes their eyes glitter, but I have not seen them smile.

They prepared a shelter for me having two beds. These are stationary, elevated about eight inches from the ground, are made of poles, say, an inch in diameter, laid close together in parallel rows. Those in my shelter were shorter than myself by a foot. Between them was the log fire, and I was glad of it for I was wet through. Be brought me a bunch of green plantains, and on top laid a bit of dried meat, the head and forequarters of a little animal (monkey) —its expression all resistance and its small, meagre paws holding indefatigably to nothing. Poor little beast, a long time dead and still that miser grasp! Bitum and Nzhia ate the offering. I ate some peanuts cooked in a leaf, and something out of a tin—this was, of course, very edifying to the populace, who might see me from all three open sides of the hut. Still it rained, the people made off to their shelters and presently the normal life of the village was resumed. From where I rested on my bed I watched it. There was a woman who made a net. Truly she was like a candle in that dark world,—my eyes came back to her again and again when they might not any longer bear the animalism of the life about me. There were four beds in each hut and two fires. Those women who were not cooking over the fires lay on the beds, as did the

men. Over the cross pole which is elevated at the head of the bed and is their pillow, peered their faces and they looked fixedly at me, or off into the gray rain. When I was rested I sat in the other huts with the women; they could not speak Bulu and they suffered, I suppose, from dumb alarms. They distrusted me. My heart felt like lead. I walked to another settlement, the one where Dr. Halsey stayed, and saw other such people, most of whom had come to see me when I arrived. I thought: *this is the primeval slime at the bottom of the sea of life.* I know that there are times and seasons—and aspects, but *so* the Dwarfs appeared on one rainy day, to one missionary who is a woman.

At five o'clock, the rain having ceased, I held a meeting with fifteen adults and some children; most of the audience were men. I spoke in Bulu and Nzhia interpreted in Ngumba. The Dwarfs listened attentively; they listened with a certain amount of enthusiasm,—not, you would say, a hunger and thirst but a pleased sort of acquiescence in the argument—a complacent agreement as to the desperate wickedness of the natural man, and with no balking as to their own wickedness in particular. I spoke to them from the first nine verses of the twelfth chapter of Luke. I fancied that there was a perceptible deposit left in their minds from what they must have heard at other times. It was dark when I stopped talking and went to bed. I did not sleep at all—how might I? The Dwarfs drank some, and Nzhia scolded them. Presently they slept, and the beautiful, awful night filled the little cup of the clearing with moonlight. Where the hills sloped I could see the white sky through the trees. All the little airs that moved were chill and sweet. From time to time a Dwarf would mend his fire and the embers would flare up and then die down to a steady glow. All slept until the morning was on us full and golden. I ate and paid my debts. A box of matches and a gilt ring to Be, a ring to the woman who made my *nam*, and a ring to Be's old mother because she is his mother. There was still a woman unpaid—she who brought the water—and she could not be induced to come out from under the eaves of her shelter. I ducked under and sat down beside her; she snatched the ring out of my hand and drew away, for all the world like a monkey. She never gave me so much as a glance. After this we had a meeting with those who lived in the village. Then we went away into the morning and the radiant forest, which takes no account of the evil doings of man. The walk home was all beauty.

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.

Of herself, Miss Mackenzie has written:

"I am well, and am no longer hampered in my use of Bulu, though my fluency is doubtless due to my lack of shame. I begin to do very interesting and necessary things. What pleases me most is a bi-monthly trip I have undertaken to a group of villages about twelve miles from here. I put up over night and hold two meetings with an eager people, many of whom are Christians. I could not ask a work more to my liking. And there are many other things doing and ready to be done."

A Little Indian Romance in Plain Colors.

Kasegaon, June 23, 1905.—Our cook Krishna, who became a Christian a little over a year ago, had a child-wife. The marriage had been made about ten years ago by the parents. The girl cannot be so very young but looks like a small girl of twelve or thirteen. Krishna, naturally, now wanted a Christian wife of some education who could be companionable and a help to him. They had never lived as husband and wife and, since he became a Christian, the parents of the girl had asked for a divorce. Krishna had gone to the girl's village to arrange about this. The chief Indian officials and a group of men (something like a jury at home) and a crowd of people were assembled. They and the parents all agreed to make out the divorce paper in consideration of money our man was to pay. Then the little girl was asked as to her wishes and before them all she said, "No; I do not want a divorce. I will go with my husband." That, she was told, would put her out of caste, and would put her

parents out of caste, too. They were all to get some money from the transaction and now were very angry, called the girl bad names and threatened to beat her. "You may beat me if you like," she said. "You may make out the divorce and take the money all of you,—I will enter suit against you." This frightened them and the men concluded they could not give the divorce, much as they wanted to, and sent the girl after Krishna. As he wrote, "There is now no help for it" (a pathetic beginning for married life), but he also feels that God's hand must be in this and that He works righteously. He has now brought the wife here and a little sister of his to keep her company.

We are all surprised at the girl's courage; it would mean nothing at home scarcely, but it is most remarkable in this land, where even big men do weakly just as their uncles and cousins and everybody says. Kamerla (lotus) expresses herself ready to learn, and we mean to start at once teaching her to read, hoping and praying that she may yet become a good, helpful and Christian wife.

June 24.—I have fallen in love with Kamerla myself, and trust, in time, the husband will also. At present, it seems, it is contrary to their custom for him to speak to her. She had her first reading lesson to-day and tried her utmost in beginning the mastery of these queer letters. At her home village, Mazgaon, through the teacher formerly there, her faith in idolatry has been quite broken down; indeed, her family disposed of their idols a year ago, and her heart and mind are just open and eager for the sweet gospel truth. She was deeply touched when I told her of the death of Christ; she wants to be called when I am talking to those who every afternoon are coming in groups, large and small, to the bungalow, and she asks to be taught to pray. I rejoice inexpressibly in the privilege of leading this little lamb to her loving Shepherd. Will you not pray for her?

28th.—I find on talking with Kamerla that there were several reasons for the bold stand she took in refusing to be divorced. Do not imagine that one was love for her husband, as she knows hardly anything about him, had scarcely even seen him. One reason was that divorced girls who are married again (as can be done only among the low caste) never have the same respect as other wives. "No one wants to see their face," said Kamerla. *Second:* She thought that with any other man, to whom they would marry her, she would have to work beyond her strength. *Third* reason, and it seems strongest of all: From the Christian school teachers who had been stationed in her village, and especially from their wives, Kamerla had gained a love for Christianity and Christian people, and for some time has wanted to "go among them" and to go to school, but her father opposed her wish. Coming to her husband meant for our "Lotus Blossom" coming also to his people, the Christians, and to his Saviour.

Alice L. Giles.

A Military Funeral at Yamaguchi, Japan.

[This account was received after "Japan Number" had gone to press.—EDITOR.]

Three days after the wonderful victory of the Japan Sea, fought so near us that the sound of the guns was faintly heard in Yamaguchi, while people yet hardly realized their complete deliverance from the dreaded Baltic fleet, the last military honors were paid to three men—the Colonel of the 42d, a Lieutenant, and a private soldier—all killed in one battle in Manchuria. The father of the soldier had asked the privilege of having his son's funeral on this occasion with that of his commanding officer.

The 42d has suffered severely, and, as far as possible, bodies of the slain have been cremated and the ashes brought back to the families of the men, an ambiguous kind of comfort, as several were cremated together.

The 42d is recruited from this province, so they are all Yamaguchi boys, and we were notified to go out to meet the relics of the dead as we would a living prince or other distinguished guest. After that, there were funerals every day. Some of them were very simple; two or three priests, the ashes, the empty uniform, and a few relatives and friends. But whenever one comes suddenly in the street on such a little pro-

cession, the sight of the empty garments is sure to bring a lump into the throat and dimness to the eyes. This sort of funeral seems different from any other.

The Colonel mentioned had been a military hero and was very popular, so his funeral was a great public occasion. It had been postponed one day on account of rain but suddenly it cleared off hot and, as parasols are not allowed on such occasions, we felt the heat of the sun rays, especially as we had not seen it for some time. While parasols are disrespectful, straw sandals are very respectful at a funeral, and our schoolgirls wearing them, and standing in puddles, soon had very wet and dirty feet. The immaculate white socks with which they left home were sacrificed to ancient custom.

Schools of the town were assigned places within the barracks enclosure and were directed to be in position early, so they stood waiting an hour before the procession started, having nothing special to look at but sixteen soldiers holding long banners, red ones and white. Apparently they were guarding a box containing a present, a roll of silk, sent by the Emperor to the Colonel's wife.

At a quarter past ten the procession started. It was a Shinto funeral and was led by an old priest carrying a broom, the cheapest, most ordinary broom made of twigs. That signified the clearing away of everything in the path of the spirits of the dead. Following the priest was the Emperor's gift with its retinue. Then sixteen men in the white robes worn only by Shinto priests and mourners. They carried the offerings for the dead. The Colonel's ashes* had next place, then his uniform, then his boots on a white wooden tray carried by a soldier. In the same order all that remained of the Lieutenant, uniform and boots carried aloft, and then the private soldier was likewise honored, to his father's boundless satisfaction.

There were two hundred immense bouquets, each large enough to require a soldier as carrier. Then came families of the deceased, all on foot. The widows wore their hair down the back tied with white paper. The Colonel's two young sons walked on either side of their mother, feeling, one can fancy, the emotion of national pride as well as of personal loss. Though the old mother of the Colonel looked feeble, she walked the whole long distance to the parade ground where the ceremony was held. Hundreds of students of the boys' schools fell into line behind the family friends and after them the soldiers of the regiment, and all moved on while the band played a dirge.

The girls' schools had gratefully received permission to take the shortest route, and so arrived in season to wait a second time. When at last all were in their proper places the head priest stood up and, before a stand on which the three boxes had been placed, his back to the throng, read from an old book. The Governor, also facing like the priest, pronounced a eulogy, and the offerings of fruit, vegetables and twigs were presented. Priests, relatives and guests, one by one, went up and offered, but schools were not asked to participate. The military salute was fired as the closing ceremony, but no incense was burned and no prayers were offered, for, as one of my teachers said to me on the way home, "Shintoism is not a religion, it is a cult."

Gertrude Sara Bigelow.

* Dr. Ibuka tells us that the ashes of soldiers cremated at the front are deposited in small wooden boxes in place of the usual funeral urn.—EDITOR.

Mrs. J. C. Thomson (once of Lienchow) writes of Mrs. Machle:

"In the estimation of her missionary friends, Mrs. Machle had long been a martyr, at heart. During their first year in China, her health became impaired. It was hoped she would improve in the purer air of Lienchow but again the Canton doctors advised a return to her native land. She asked if she could be sent without her husband. Being told that she was too ill to take the journey without medical assistance, she replied that, live or die, she should remain in Lienchow and not interrupt Christ's work there. Perhaps in His sight she, then, voluntarily became a martyr for Him, as truly as she has now become visibly so."

Mrs. Machle wrote on Oct. 13:

"We had a most delightful time at Annual Meeting. Every one treated us royally and we had a fine time. On Sunday night we heard a good sermon by Mr. Marshall from 'Quit you like men, be strong.' The hymns were some of my favorites, and I thoroughly enjoyed the service. The previous Sunday Mr. Peale preached from 'The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost,' also with beautiful hymns."

From Berlin Across Russia to Tabriz, Persia.

This interesting account has been unwillingly postponed for lack of space, but has lost not one whit of interest thereby. Miss Holliday, having been under treatment for her eyes in Berlin, left that city for Odessa, Feb. 24, 1905, and reached Tabriz March 16.—EDITOR.

. . . At the Russian frontier, trouble began. The Austrians had not opened my baggage, but the Russians ransacked thoroughly, while I had much difficulty in the way of language. I learned that I must pay eleven rubles and a half. They especially asked for books, but I had sent all except my Bible by mail and they were kind enough to say there was no objection to that. They confiscated a copy of the *Christian Herald* which I happened to have. After this ordeal I was glad to get into a comfortable Russian car and to be assured the road to Odessa was unobstructed.

[Sunday was spent in Odessa and our traveler left on the next day for Batoum, on the *Grand Duke Constantine*, "the best Russian boat I have seen."]

I made the acquaintance of a Russian lady who spoke English, the only person I have seen who could be called patriotic. She has one son in the army in Korea, and one in the navy waiting for orders. She said she would give all her five sons for the honor of the country, for though one might not approve of the original causes of the war there was no way now but to fight it out. We had a great deal of interesting talk, and I gave her the January number of WOMAN'S WORK, which she accepted gratefully. She got off at Yalta and was met by her tall, handsome, sad-looking daughter, who I fancied might not be as much in favor of the war as her mother. My next acquaintance was a young civil engineer from Rostov-on-Don, who had been educated in Berlin and spoke German. He was in the employ of the Rochester Vacuum Oil Company and was very proud of the business. He carefully explained to me that the name was derived from a Latin word which means "empty." He was a bright, pleasant fellow and endeared himself to me by saying he neither drank nor smoked. He was very outspoken against the government, not only to me but at the table. Indeed, I was everywhere surprised to find the days of silence and repression in Russia are past. All over the Caucasus and in Odessa they say boldly they want a republic, and of the present régime there is no one to say a good word. The engineer invited me to go on shore at Theodosia, to see a collection of paintings, mostly marine views by a famous Russo-Armenian painter. They were well worth seeing. My young friend told me he was rather inclined to atheistic views but admired the Bible and had read it through. Before we parted, I asked leave to give him a German Testament and Psalms, and in the conversation which ensued he told me what I had already begun to guess, that he was Jewish. He was a lovable person who felt keenly the general dislike of his race, and told me the Captain had said at dinner all the Jews ought to be killed. I think, however, the Captain, who looked too good-humored to injure a fly, was only trying to tease the poor fellow, for he said to me he thought the boy talked too much against the government.

On board was a Russian who was one of the defenders of Port Arthur. He had been a prisoner in Japan and was going home to his wife and daughter in Turkestan. We had no common language, though he knew Chinese and offered to converse in that tongue. He had been intimate with English Protestant missionaries in China and was fond of them. The engineer interpreted for us, and at parting we exchanged a warm handshake that needed no interpreter.

These people got off the boat at Novoricisk, and a Russian lady came next, who talked German and proved to be quite an infidel. She said I was self-hypnotized and that is the reason I believe the Bible. She was very gloomy and oppressed with the sadness of life and the fear of death. As she was a very fluent speaker, and my vocabulary not at all equal to the occasion, I fancy she felt she had the best of the argument. A French lady on board was going to Tiflis as governess in the family of the Vice-Governor of the Caucasus. She spoke English well, and we were afterwards at the same hotel in Batoum.

We reached port too late to take the train for Tiflis and another would not go for twenty-four hours. Mr. Stuart, the U. S. Consul at Batoum, sent a boy to take me to the Hotel Imperial, and he himself came to call. When I said the servants were slow, as I had already been there some hours and my room was not yet warm, he said I was fortunate to have any servants at all, as servants, even those in private houses, had all been on a strike and only just begun working again. They would eat and sleep during the strike at their employers' houses, and absent themselves between mealtimes. The dock strike was still on; Batoum seemed like a dead place, no cargoes being discharged or taken on, no boats running but of the Russian Navigation Company, and those only for passengers and mails. Dr. Norton came the next day; his train had been stopped all night because they were afraid to come into Batoum in the dark. Just before Dr. Norton got there, poor Mr. Stuart was wounded in the arm by the accidental discharge of his own revolver. He had gone to Moscow, the last I heard, for I believe his life had been threatened by the strikers and I suppose he thought Batoum a good place to get out of. I was much of the same mind concerning the whole empire of Russia. As we traveled towards Tiflis we saw soldiers on every side guarding the track, and trains ran at little more than half speed.

I had a busy Sunday in Tiflis, spending the day with Swedish missionaries and attending Armenian and Turkish services. Ali Askar took me to see his first-born son, who was one day old and with his mother in the hospital. It was his first sight of the baby, and I never saw greater delight and pride than he showed. He is so happy with his good Christian wife, and so glad he waited till the Lord selected for him. They have dedicated this child to be a preacher if the Lord wills. Ali is a pretty satisfactory specimen of the converted Mohammedan.

The Swedish missionaries are doing a good work in Tiflis, holding the fort till religious liberty comes, sending Bibles into Bokhara and other remote places. It is delightful to hear of converts being gained by these means. In the Caucasus they have a work for Devil worshipers, the Yezidees, of whom many thousands live there. I took much interest in hearing of this. It is supported by the Y. W. C. A. of Stockholm. Mr. Larson is about leaving for his vacation in Sweden, and expects to return without his family, when he hopes to do a good deal of touring. He volunteered to accompany me to the Russian frontier, which was a most fortunate arrangement for me. I had hoped to secure as a companion some Armenian or Nestorian returning to Persia, but at this troubled time no one would dare venture on the road. Mr. Larson's knowledge of Russian was invaluable and his kindness unfailing. He would only accept his expenses as far as Julfa, for he wished to make the return trip a sort of tour.

We left Tiflis about midnight Monday and got to Erivan at 9 P. M. Tuesday. We had telegraphed to the brethren there, hoping to see them, but before arriving we learned there had been a massacre at Erivan. We found the station guarded by Cossacks, and no carriage to take us to the city which is at a distance from the railroad, so we remained in the station and spent a comfortable night. Next morning, securing a carriage, we left the place without seeing any of the brethren. All shops were shut and we could not even buy bread. They told us that twenty-five or thirty men had been killed, of whom about one-third were Armenians. We asked the station master what was the matter, and he merely shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Revolution." All along the road, whenever a horse balked or the carriage stuck fast in the mud, the men would laugh and say, "It has gone on a strike." The roads were so bad that what I traveled last fall in three and a half days took eight days in returning. All the Caucasus was covered with deep snow and it was pretty cold, while mud was indeed bad. At Nachichevan we had the first good meal since leaving Erivan two days before. We left this place in a *telega*, a light, springless cart, perched on top of the loads in a rather uncomfortable fashion. The road was dreadful.

At Julfa, I had to pass the Russian custom house but they only asked if I had a revolver. They would not let Mr.

Larson cross the Arras with me, so we parted on the bank. On the other side a carriage was waiting to receive me and I was indeed glad to set foot on Persian soil once more. At the Persian custom house I had to pay only a small sum on my typewriter. My money was exhausted and I borrowed of the operator of the Indo-European Co. It was pleasant to be among "kent folks." I think this must be my last post-road journey, for the railroad is finished nearly to Nachichevan. On the Persian side, they are working like beavers to complete the rest to Tabriz. It does one's heart good to see the bridges and culverts, which make the natives open their eyes. A keen wind was blowing all the way from Julfa and we could get no farther than the first teahouse. I had to camp for the night in a room occupied by about sixteen men, but by hanging curtains had a little room to myself, and all were perfectly respectful. At Merend, I stopped with an Armenian who was almost in a state of panic for fear of a Mussulman outbreak, as it was nearly time for the annual mourning in honor of the Shiah martyrs of Kerbela. The man wanted some religious consolation, but the knowledge that he was selling liquor at his eating-house made it hard to talk to him. We had to hire a load horse to Sofian, as it would be all the four strong carriage horses could do to drag the vehicle through the deep snow on the mountain. After we got down into the river bed, we went much faster.

. . . As I was sitting over a small fire, in a cold, dark room in Sofian, the door opened and in walked Dr. Mary Bradford, who had ridden the twenty-four miles from Tabriz that we might have the chance for a good visit. It was a great surprise, as I had thought it too cold for her to come, especially on horseback. The long journey was now practically over and I was most glad and thankful.

Grettie Y. Holliday.

Calling Day in Sidon.

Once, when a large group of people in Syria were being photographed, they were told to "look pleasant," and after it was over some one facetiously called out, "You may now all resume your natural expression." Sunday is over. Shall we continue to "look pleasant" or "resume" some other expression? I have never thought of Monday as "blue" in Sidon Seminary. I enjoy it as I enjoy Sunday, though differently. After morning session, with its classes, singing and calisthenics, noon arrives and "There is no God but God and Mohammed is the prophet of God," rings out from the surrounding minarets. Then afternoon, and our calling day.

Miss Law looks over the record-book to see which calls are most pressing, and we sally forth. We used to wear veils in the streets, but of late years we have given them up, thinking it time for Sidon people to get used to seeing our faces uncovered. The men treat us with perfect respect, but Moslem children delight to call out after us:

"Ya sitt! Ya sitt!
Yakulik el 'it!"

("O lady! O lady!
May the moth eat you!")

As we are not sure of our way, we get a small guide from the mission day-school, and through the narrow streets we closely follow the tiny girl clattering over the cobblestones in her wooden cob-cobs. She leads us from street to street, some arched, some open to a narrow strip of blue sky far above, and finally stops at the bottom of a flight of steps, saying that Meriam (herself) lives upstairs. At our suggestion she mounts to the top, her noisy cob-cobs echoing all the way, and down again she trots to say that Im Hanna (Mother of John) is in the house. Bidding Meriam return to school, we slowly mount the wretched sandstone steps worn into dangerous hollows by long-continued use. One flight is followed by another, and at the top a smiling hostess welcomes us cordially to her small parlor. It is customary in many Sidon homes to have the parlor upstairs, and so, after a hard climb, we are often rewarded by fresh, pure air and a fine view of sea and mountains. What would some of my American friends, in whose homes I was visiting last year, think of many homes in Sidon?—the lower story damp and dark, often not very clean.

Many a horse is stabled in the vaulted room on the first floor, it and its owner using the same front door, though, if rich enough to own a horse, a man

SIDON BAZAAR.

does not dwell on the same level but occupies comfortable rooms higher up. Few Sidon homes have prepossessing doorways.

Well, Im Hanna's parlor, sleeping-room and tiny kitchen are all on the third floor. What information can we gain by glancing around while our hostess is out of the room? The divan proclaims her an Oriental; the saints' pictures and the bishop's photograph tell us that she belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church; while the pretty doll hanging on the wall near the gilt-framed mirror shows that she has a little girl in our day-school. Meriam's baby brother is called Hanna, and at his birth our hostess attained the proud distinction of being called Im (Mother of) Hanna. Before that, she was Mert (Wife of) Elias or Sitt (Lady) Lateefah, but never Im Meriam. Girls are not of enough account for that! Here is Im Hanna herself, and the two tiny cups filled with hot and fragrant coffee which she has just made, show her to be hospitable and polite. After coffee has been passed, she is free to sit and entertain us. In our calls we try to give the talk a religious turn if possible. Merely social calls increase our influence but we long to make them more than that.

Our second call is in a house from which comes one of our day pupils, and the mother, though not a Protestant, is friendly and sometimes attends the Thursday meeting for women. Near by lives an old friend who has more wealth than many of our humble acquaintances. She knows much Bible truth, but it is hard to say how much has found lodgment in her heart.

After this comes a call that we always dread to make, for the house, though large and the abode of people of some consideration, is untidy. I should positively enjoy washing the murky windows. How restful is another home not far off, clean and orderly and pleasant.

But it is getting late. The "afternoon call" from the minarets was given long ago; women will be wishing to prepare the evening meal against the home-coming of the men of the family and we must hasten on. If our Monday chances to fall in December, when the sun sets early and rooms are chilly, we shall find that the loving hands of some of our teachers in Sidon Seminary have lighted the lamps for us and the oil stoves in our bedrooms. How pleasant our home seems, after the cheerlessness of some of those we have visited!

Charlotte H. Brown.

A FEW sentences from Miss Patterson throw light on preceding accounts: "In the few minutes we had we concealed ourselves here and there (in the cave), one entering one passage and one another. I entered one of these narrow passages, crawling on my hands and knees and feeling my way. I went in as far as I was able and sat down."

(Of her deliverer): "It was so dark I could not see the man's face but, on the impulse of the moment, I believed him and went with him. He led me down a crevice between two rocks to a place which seemed from above to be bottomless. Before getting down I began to distrust the man, thinking perhaps he had brought me there to kill me. He was perfectly sincere in his wish to save me. He climbed out several times to see what was being done. I could hear the murmur of Chinese voices above and once a firebrand was thrown down, but at a little distance from where I stood, so I was not discovered."—*Canton Letter.*

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES

CHINA.

By letter from PAOTINGFU, Oct. 9, 1905, MRS. AMELIA P. LOWRIE announces her return with her son, Rev. Walter Lowrie:

I am happy to report our safe arrival in our China home after, it seemed to me, a very long but pleasant journey. The dear friends here put our house in "apple-pie" order from garret to cellar, so we had only to walk in and

TAKE UP THE DROPPED THREADS

and start on where we left off.

Many Chinese visitors have called to welcome us. It is very interesting to note the

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHRISTIAN AND HEATHEN

friends. The latter almost always have an axe to grind, while Christians come often with a gift. We have been obliged to refuse their too generous gifts, accepting half a dozen out of fifty eggs, and apples and peaches in the same proportion.

Because there has been no rain all summer, everything is parched and dusty. The bricks of all the houses are dust color. We welcome the green of our fine trees and some ivy vines beginning to cover the hospital walls.

Missionary work seems more than ever pressingly needy. I looked out of my bedroom window on Sunday to see men carrying heavy burdens or hoeing potatoes.

It is a singular fact that the government, wishing to imitate foreign nations, has given

SUNDAY AS A HOLIDAY

to the twenty thousand soldiers stationed in Paotingfu. They have no work in camp and many come to church. They come from various motives, doubtless. Some enjoy the quiet propriety of the church with its texts of Scripture hung around; they hear the hearty singing and a straightforward, practical sermon. In the rear of the church are seated between forty and fifty nice young Chinese girls, who add to the attraction, although great care is taken to prevent the slightest appearance of gazing backward.

One of the ruined temples in the heart of the city is being rebuilt, and we hear that the principal god is to represent one of the three men who were beheaded by the Germans for murdering the missionaries in 1900. The masses are still sadly bound to their idols.

Encouraging features are many. Last week I saw

SEVEN HANDSOME CHINESE CARTS

standing before Mrs. Lewis' door, and soon after a number of prettily dressed ladies appeared with their children and nurses. On inquiry I found these ladies had just been attending a prayer-meeting held at Miss Gowans' every tenth day. Mrs. Miller, who was present, said they gave most reverent attention. The church services are steadily growing in attendance, and have been for two years during Mr. Miller's pastorate. China is awake.

THE QUESTION IS

now: Is the Church of God awake to its responsibility and privilege?

LAOS.

REV. RODERICK GILLIES writes from LAKAWN:

. . . Miss Carothers now has charge of the Girls' School. There are over seventy in attendance, little boys being accepted as well as girls, and the work seems to be going on beautifully.

We have been gladdened and made expectant by hearing of revivals in so many places in the United States and Great Britain. May it prove to be the Master's time for a world-wide blessing. We, too, are waiting for the day of good things, and can see it coming. Meanwhile it is good to see one and another turning from their idols to serve the living God. In Chieng Mai they recently

BAPTIZED FOUR HEAD PRIESTS

from one of the Buddhist temples, usually a very valuable kind of addition to the church, since the people look up to priests, and their example is likely to influence many others. To-morrow we have an interesting baptism here, our Lakawn postmaster, an intelligent young Siamese, who has been interested for some time. Off and on during the past eight months, I have given him lessons in English. He seems a genuine convert and we welcome him most gladly into the church.

One part of my work I very much enjoy is our evening worship. I usually have a dozen or more Christians in after supper, and we sing, pray and read together, the missionary asking questions on the passage read. They sit on the study floor, those who can read, with Scripture and hymn-book in hand, the others listening. We are enjoying much the study of the letters to Timothy and Titus, which have been only recently translated; they are so full of practical lessons which touch everyday life.

INDIA.

MRS. JOHN FORMAN of SAHARANPUR wrote from LANDOUR, Oct. 18, 1905:

Only one year have I stayed in the hills as long as this year. I am staying through October with the hope that the bracing cold air will freeze malaria out. . . .

Mrs. Roy (wife of the Indian professor in Saharanpur Seminary) and I had the classes in the Women's School, and when Mrs. Velte came she took over the singing and arithmetic. I am eager to get down to see the new students' wives who have arrived and to welcome back old ones. Two are Rakha girls whom I received as famine waifs in '97—now the wives of men who will, I hope, shortly take charge of important districts as pastors of churches or general evangelists.

CONSTANT PRAYER FOR REVIVAL

is ascending, and I have seen such marked answers to prayer this year that my faith is greatly increased. Indeed, I think after our Missionary Conference in September, every one went back to work with new hope. Night after night, here at Landour, a small company met to pray for the Bible classes (led by Mr. Eddy, Miss Hewlett and my husband) at three different places—for Woodstock School (where Mr. Forman went each day) and for the popular meetings held each afternoon in Union Church. About

FORTY GIRLS IN WOODSTOCK

were led at this time to confess Christ. At first the girls seemed to avoid being approached personally and would not even reply to questions, but later on, one teacher was so beset by girls who wanted to consult her that she closed the door and had them come in one by one. The teachers must feel grateful indeed, that so many girls have come to love Jesus and yield their lives to Him.

KOREA.

MRS. SHARROCKS writes from SYEN CHUN:

This morning Miss Samuels started out on another country trip. The little Korean horse went first with its load and Miss Samuels followed in only a two-man chair, which is not especially comfortable, because four bearers double the expense. The Bible woman also went in a chair, for she has rheumatism and cannot walk long distances, and seven Syen Chun women followed on foot, all going for the opportunity to study the Bible. It was inspiring to see my associate thus "Speed away, on her mission of Light," and made this stay-by-the-stuff woman a trifle envious.

A few minutes after they left, I saw a rather

UNUSUAL SIGHT FOR KOREA.

A man, a woman, a boy and a donkey were the actors. The woman was dressed in spotless white with the exception of an outer sleeveless jacket of blue silk lined with lambswool. The man mounted her on the donkey which the boy led, and then followed them to a hillock near and watched them out of sight. She, too, was going to study class, and this un-Korean husband thus sent her off in state. His wife was baptized but a month ago. She is very bright and was once a dancing girl, so has been better educated than most Korean women.

The past has been a remarkable year. The war awakened people from their apathy and made them feel the need of some staying power. The scattering abroad, caused by the presence of soldiers, has sown the gospel seed broadcast. Even Tory Haks (Korean Boxers) are coming into the Church. Never in our experience here has God's Spirit been manifested so powerfully. The spiritual life of Christians has been deepened, and they have preached to the heathen more faithfully than ever, and these in turn seem to be taking the Kingdom of God "by violence." In the south, which has seemed a less promising field, the work has almost *burst* into bloom and the missionary shepherds are gathering in with joy the results of several years of patient toil. Truly "above what we can ask or think" has been given.

ACCOUNT OF SHIPWRECK OFF CHEMULPO.*

MRS. HELEN MCAFEE MCCUNE wrote from SEOUL, Sept. 15, 1905:

We are alive and are here safely, for which we have reason devoutly to thank our Father. We have gone through an awful experience of shipwreck and exposure but beyond very tired bodies and ruined clothing we are all right. It was this way: When we reached Fusan we were met with news of washouts on the railroad which made it impossible to come by rail as we had intended. We had been seven in the party until we reached Fusan, but there Miss Chase left us for a visit, Mr. and Mrs. McFarland went to Taiku where they are stationed. That left Miss Donaldson and ourselves. Mr. Koons, whom she has since married, telegraphed for Miss Donaldson to come on by boat, so we stayed on the steamer. We left Fusan with the prospect of two nights and a day more on that Japanese steamer. Next day we touched at Mukpo and lay there until four in the afternoon. When we left it was sunshiny but there was an under roll in the ocean so that before dark we were finding it hard to sit up. We went on deck and lay down on stools and benches. We even slept a while, then Miss Donaldson and I made one grand dash for our berths. Mr. McCune preferred to stay on deck. We women went to sleep but he did not sleep at all for he could see

*Sept. 9, as stated in brief last month.

WHAT A WILD NIGHT IT WAS.

He came to us but would not rouse us so long as we could sleep, but he knew we were in great danger. At last, when the fog was so thick the water beside the boat could not be seen and the wind was blowing a perfect gale, we struck a rock. We struck so hard that glasses in the dining saloon and window lights were shattered. George (Mr. McCune) dashed in to tell us that we were going down. We had not undressed, so we threw on our rain-coats and went to the deck. There was the wildest confusion everywhere. We sat down and

PRAYED AS WE NEVER PRAYED

before. How we did think of all our loved ones at home! We tried to find out what the condition was, but the few who could talk a little English had forgotten all they knew and we could not understand any of the commands given. Once in a while the fog would be blown away and ahead of us we could see a rock rising two or three hundred feet from the water and could hear the waves dash against it. We covered our faces and prayed for some sort of deliverance.

After nearly an hour, the cabin boy came and motioned for us to come into our state-room. He would not let us go out, so we employed ourselves putting valuables into our pockets, and other things into suit cases and locking them. Presently we understood, for two men came and gave each of us a life preserver and we went into the dining saloon. Our Japanese lad by that time recovered enough to remember some English, and told us that, by using pumps, they hoped to save all passengers before she would go down. We would get a word or two and have to imagine the rest. It was agony not to be able to talk or understand. We found they were manning the boats and presently one pushed off to find a landing. It was an hour before it returned and we were called on deck. By that time the vessel had settled until the floor was at a steep angle. From that on, we stood in water. We could not stand up with shoes on. I tied mine together and fastened them to my life preserver. There we stood hanging to the air-shafts with the waves washing us off our feet. First one, then another, was down and must pull up by clinging to the others. The sailors had stretched a cable from ship to shore. It was almost impossible to get a rowboat near enough to the vessel for any one to reach it, but finally one was filled, pushed off, and another came. George slid down to the rail and reached for us. Floy (Miss Donaldson) went first and George held her until the boat was near enough and she jumped in. He barely turned back for me when some excited Koreans jumped into the boat and it capsized,

THROWING TWENTY-ONE INTO THE OCEAN.

I cannot begin to tell you the agony of that moment! George dropped down onto the deck calling Floy's name and groping in the dark for her. She says she heard him way down under the water. Her hand came up and he caught and held her arm until the waves raised her up to the railing, when he and a Japanese pulled her over on the deck. I thought she was helpless but she said, "I'm all right, Mrs. McCune." It was so pitch dark we could hardly see each other. . . .

At another time it would have been interesting to watch the dexterity with which those sailors climbed out on that capsized boat and rocked and rocked until it suddenly righted itself; and then the skill with which they baled the water out and had it ready for use. We started to get into it but found that we could not all go, so we stayed together and waited the next boat. By the time it came, the vessel was so tipped that we had climbed up on the railing and the waves would dash up to our waists. It was a providence of God that there came a lull just as our boat reached the vessel and the waves quieted, so that we stepped from the rail into the boat without danger. We could tell when we were near shore by the dashing of waves, but

THE LANTERN HAD GONE OUT

and we could not safely land. After a great deal of calling back and forth the boat behind us managed to produce a light, and we cautiously drew to shore. I was the first woman out. A man on shore caught me and a man behind held me. As my foot touched the rock it was clear; before my other foot could touch it a wave dashed over me to my waist and I almost went down. But I soon found my bearings and crawled away to make room for Floy and George. We climbed up a rock I would have feared in daylight and found ourselves safe but drenched to the skin. It was six o'clock before all the passengers were landed, for there were 113 on board. First and second class passengers were brought away first, while a guard stood with a revolver at the door of the third-class cabin and threatened to kill all who tried to pass. We had been given bread as we left the ship's cabin but it was washed away, so we sat there hungry, wet and exhausted.

After daylight it was found that the island had a few Korean huts and a little harbor on the other side. Half sinking as she was, our captain ran the ship around the island—not more than half a mile—and ran her ashore. Then they unloaded baggage and mail as fast as they could. We had come over the hill to the huts, Floy in stocking-feet and

I WITH ONE SHOE ON.

We spent a miserable Sunday. . . . spread our blankets on the hillside and tried to sleep. All we had to eat all day was rice.

Monday came and George wandered up the hill and, away in the distance, discovered a boat.

IT PROVED OUR SALVATION,

for signals of distress were raised and she came to our rescue. By dint of crowding, all our passengers, their hand baggage and the mail could be brought away, and by judicious handling of money *we* succeeded in getting our trunks also. Our new captain crept to Chemulpo, and waited outside the harbor for daylight, three or four hours. And so we came in, to be greeted by an almost frantic man (Mr. Koons) who had visited each steamer coming into Chemulpo from Sunday until Tuesday morning. . . . So here we are alive and thankful to God for His goodness in so wonderfully sparing us.

HOME DEPARTMENT

UNITED STUDY OF MISSIONS, 1906.

Subject: **AFRICA.**

Text-book: **CHRISTUS LIBERATOR.**

REVIEW OF CHAPTER I.

1. Outline the subject by six foundation facts and relate them to each other.
2. What have been the past relations of white men to Africa?
3. Why were Christian missions so long postponed? (See "Outlines of Lectures at Northfield," p. 31.)
4. Rehearse concisely the history of slavery on the continent up to the present time. (See Nevinson's articles in *Harper's* for October, *et seq.*)
5. Name some of the greatest achievements in opening up Africa and by whom accomplished.
6. Sketch (in three minutes) the most prevalent religious ideas in Africa and forms of expression used.
7. Point out features which most emphatically warrant the name "Dark Continent," and show how each one is affected by Christianity.

CHAPTER II. THE NILE COUNTRY, ABYSSINIA, NORTH AFRICA.

***General Theme**—Christianity *versus* Islam, the great conflict of the twentieth century.

Aim—To realize (1) Past contributions of this region to the world march of Christianity; (2) Present-day obstacles and achievements.

I. A Bible Land.

(Quote Scripture passages.)

II. Egypt the Nurse of the World.

1. Early Christianity. Mohammedan conquest.
2. Coptic survival—why survived, and present influence.
3. Populations. Changes introduced by British occupation (c. f. "Introduction," p. 38).
   A great English name on the Nile. (Sketch, Life of Gen. Gordon.)
4. Missions: Of Moravians; British.
   Leading mission: Beginnings, instrumentalities, progress, prominent missionaries, semi-centennial. Compare the influence of missions with that of government.
5. *Three typical schools—a study in contrasts: El Azhar, Gordon College, Assiut College.

III. Abyssinia.

1. Political position. Ruler, languages, recent relations with United States.
2. Religion. Story of Frumentius (*Via Christi*, p. 10). Modern missions.

IV. North Africa.

1. The early Church. Its great men, its martyrs, its extinction.
2. Political status of Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco. Items concerning social conditions.
3. Missions: { Roman Catholic. / Protestant.

*From Miss Northup's lecture at Northfield, all of which will be found very helpful.

MISSION STUDY CLASS ITEMS.

The Educational Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church writes to the editor of WOMAN'S WORK:

"Thank you very much for your kind note telling me the last word from Macmillan as to the sales of the United Study text-books. This was the thing I particularly wanted, as a request has come in for material for a paper on missions and Church unity, and I look upon the work of the United Study courses of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies as a most significant achievement along this line.

"Very sincerely yours,

"EVERETT P. SMITH."

There is a young women's class of thirty to forty members, in West Philadelphia, who are studying *Christus Liberator*. Their leader, herself a young woman, writes: "We are gaining a number of new members from among our *younger* young women, about eighteen years old. I think the character of our study is attracting them. We meet in double rank around a long extension table which is covered with maps, pictures, etc. One of the conditions required is the reading of the chapter previous to the meeting."

Miss M. S. Lloyd, Y. P. Secretary of Morris and Orange Presbytery, reported an interdenominational missionary Insti-

tute, "a pocket edition of Silver Bay," which was recently held at Newark, N. J. After details of attendance—ninety at day sessions—and of methods, she adds: "One result is that we have been planning to see what can be done by way of getting mission study classes into the churches of Orange and East Orange, in all denominations and especially among the young men. So far we have found a dearth of text-book study among young people and the great need, evidently, is trained leaders."

Mrs. D. B. Wells, Field Secretary of the Board of the Northwest, wrote, Nov. 20: "I have just finished a class in *Christus Liberator* at Oak Park, Ill., a Normal Class; had an hour's lesson every morning for six successive days; attendance, twenty-eight. A fee was charged for the course, and for single admission. I have requests for similar classes from twenty-two cities outside of Chicago. I have never found anything in mission study that began to fascinate and attract both men and women as this study of Africa. Ministers are planning to give six successive prayer-meetings to the topic. I know of several who are going to give Sunday evening services to it."

WHO CAN COMPLETE THIS FRAGMENT?

Miss Montgomery writes from Persia that the following lines appear to have been the last her sister ever wrote at her desk in Faith Hubbard School, and she would be grateful to any one who will tell her the author of the poem and where to find it in complete form.

GOD'S ANSWER TO THE WORLD PLAINT.

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God,
"Lord, take away pain!"
"The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast made,
The close-coiling chain
That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs
On the wings that would soar;
Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,
That it love Thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world:
Shall I take away pain
And, with it, the power of the soul to endure,
Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity, that knits heart to heart?
And sacrifice high?
Will you lose all your heroes from the fire,
White brows to the sky?

Shall I take away love that redeems with a price
And smiles at its loss? . . . .

SUGGESTIONS.

ONE of the Women's Boards, wishing to learn if an important notice in its WOMAN'S WORK column would reach the eyes of presbyterial officers for whom it was intended, had the subscription lists recently examined and the result was a matter of surprise.

Realizing that it does not always follow that a woman whose name is not on the list does not see a magazine, still the Board is led to ask how can any presbyterial officer afford to be without her own copy of WOMAN'S WORK always at hand for reference? Each of our seven Boards is allowed space for information and notices which it is desirable to convey to local societies. The Board relies upon their receiving the information through this medium. At the head of its column stands a notice of its headquarters and its meetings. In the case referred to, there were but two presbyterial societies *all* of whose officers had their names on the list of subscribers. In the other societies, names of secretaries, or treasurers, even secretaries of literature (in two or three instances) or of presidents, were lacking. Measures have been taken to bring our women's magazine to the notice of non-subscribers, as suggested (p. 226, October number, WOMAN'S WORK). That list of "thirty-two" no longer holds the record, as fifty-eight were mailed as the result of this *over*-looking of the lists. Would it not be well for the six other Boards to make the same investigation?—An Officer.

FROM Jamaica, Long Island:

I want to tell you how much I enjoy the first Wednesday of the month at 156 Fifth Avenue. When we took up our residence near New York, I realized that the privilege of attending these meetings would be a compensation for

losing some of the good things in ——, and it is. To one who is humbly trying in her small corner to help carry out our Lord's last request, it is an inspiration to meet with those who live so near Him—the grand men and noble women who return with messages from their mission fields. It also means much to us, of the outlying towns, to become familiar with the faces of all you good people at the Board rooms (you deserve capital letters, every one of you). I am writing this letter to thank you of the Women's Board for arranging such spiritual treats for us, and to assure you that I am only one of many who derive great benefit from them.

FROM Massachusetts:

Instead of arranging for a year in advance, one successful society sends out programmes for only three months at a time. This arrangement is more elastic than the year scheme, and keeps the curiosity of members whetted.

FROM Philadelphia:

At the meeting of the Ohio Synodical Society recently held in Toledo, Miss Mary Wortman, the secretary, had a collection of programmes from every Presbyterial meeting of 1905 and also a large number of local society calendars. These were on exhibition and both were of great interest to the delegates and afforded many hints to programme-makers. Several societies have since applied to Miss Wortman for the loan of some copies for their own use.

OUR BOOK SHELF.

A Yankee on the Yangtze. By Geil. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.) $1.50.

That public which is hungry for more about China and the Chinese will find in Mr. Geil's "Yankee on the Yangtze" a storehouse of information. As a tourist with a decided "daily theme eye" he left cosmopolitan Shanghai to sail up the Yangtze—the Mississippi of the Orient,—with pigtail and Chinese dress among his armament, through Central China, thence overland to Burma and Mandalay. The experiences of one hundred days spent among "eighty millions of strong-minded men with backs turned toward the future pushing on to the past" are intensely interesting and are related in a vigorous and straightforward style well calculated to entertain and instruct. Mr. Geil was entertained by many missionaries at stations along his route and brings from them encouraging reports of the awakening in progress, particularly noted in the great increase in native patronage of our schools. Of missionaries themselves—the place they have secured in the confidence of Chinese officials —their inflexible determination to win—their devotion—finally, "the noble way in which they are doing a grand work without snivelling"—all of these points Mr. Geil dwells upon at length. Altogether the volume has a flavor *piquante*—the flavor of native inns, mountain chairs, lofty passes, hot lowlands, homes of missionaries—finally, the flavor of enjoyment lent to the description of an adventurous journey by a man of grasp and power with the enthusiasm of a boy.

The book is profusely illustrated with good photographs by the author and two friends.

Isabel F. Harmon.

A Brief History of the Friends' Mission in Japan. (Publishing Assoc. of Friends, Plainfield, Ind.)

That was a weighty postal card, written on "12th month, 12th, 1882," inviting a parlor meeting in Phila. It resulted in the "Women's Foreign Mission Association of Friends" which, seventeen years after, dropped the first word from its name in order to admit men to the membership. Philadelphian though it is, Friends in Canada and England have joined forces with workers of the Association in Japan. This modest volume follows step by step the planting of the mission at Tokyo (1886) and its development there and in Mito and neighboring places on the coast, to the northeast. Its school for girls has an excellent record, and there is a demand for a boys' school also.

Things as They Are. Mission Work in Southern India. By Amy Wilson Carmichael. (Fleming H. Revell Co.) Ill'd, 304 pp.; $1.00 net.

The following comment made upon this book by one of the Lahore missionaries will have special weight. Mrs. Fleming wrote in a family letter: "I was so interested to hear you were reading *Things as They Are.* I do not believe you will be depressed by it, or if you are, it is only going through the experience which every one has after coming here to work. It is true, conditions are desperately hard and humanly impossible. When conversions come, as she says, it is a miracle and one feels hushed by the power of it. Work in zenanas and villages is quite as she says. The thing which feeds missionary zeal out here is not results, it is the constraining love of Christ within the heart. This is one great difference between missionary interest at home and here. Every meeting must have wonderful incidents and progress to report. Sometimes in the close hand to hand routine, we say we wish we could hear a good, rousing missionary meeting at home. We have to ask for the faith and insight of Christ as we look upon a potential son of God. We also try to remember that with God a thousand years are as one day. I believe you will like *Things as They Are.* To me it was an inspiration such as few books have been."

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE.

ARRIVALS:

October 9, 1905.—At New York, Mrs. O. J. Hardin, from Syria. Address, Boston, Mass.

Oct. 23.—At San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Hicks, from Peking. Address, North Yakima, Wash.

Mrs. Jos. Griggs and daughter, from Peking. Address, Pasadena, Cal.

——.—At San Francisco, Dr. Emma E. Fleming, from Ichowfu, Shantung. Address, 1516 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

November 12.—At San Francisco, Miss Mary E. Brown, from Seoul, Korea. Address, Connersville, Ind.

December 1.—At Seattle, Wash., Mrs. J. A. Fitch and son, from Wei Hien, Shantung. Address, Chicago.

December 5.—At San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Luce, from Wei Hien, China. Address, Scranton, Pa.

DEPARTURES:

November 25.—From San Francisco, Rev. Wm. Imbrie, D.D., and Mrs. Imbrie, returning to Japan.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

The following helps are permanent and may be obtained from all Women's Boards:

On all the Missions:—

Historical Sketch	10 cts.
Question Book	5 cts.
Schools and Colleges	each 4 cts.
Hospital Work	each 3 cts.
Home Life	2 cts.
Illustrated Programmes	per doz. 5 cts.
Hero Series	2 cts.
The Year Book of Prayer, 1906	10 cts.
A Visit to the West Africa Mission	10 cts.

For Mission Study Classes:—

Via Christi, Introduction to Missions,
Lux Christi, India,
Rex Christus, China,
Dux Christus, Japan,
Christus Liberator, Africa, for 1906,
Each, cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 30 cts.

Helps for Study of Africa text-book:—

Outlines of Lectures (Northfield)	10 cts.
Pictures (set of 24), postpaid	25 cts.
Map, in colors, 18x21 in., postpaid	15 cts.
Map, Outline, (to be filled in by individuals) per dozen only	15 cts.

For Children: *China for Juniors* 10 cts.
Japan for Juniors 20 cts.
Africa for Juniors. Cloth, 35

From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of month at 10.30 o'clock. Prayer-meeting the third Tuesday at 11 o'clock. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

January. Topics for prayer: *The Womens' Boards. The World.*

THE usual monthly prayer-meeting will be held January 17, led by Mrs. C. T. Chester and Mrs. J. A. Campbell.

THE Week of Prayer is looked forward to with joyful ant'cipation as a time of special privilege,—of meeting missionaries, of looking with them over the world field, and setting our pace, as it were, for the new year. Surely no other invitation is needed to bring to these services all who can come. These meetings will be held in the Witherspoon Building, Jan. 9–12, at 3 P. M.

Tuesday, Jan. 9—Leader, Mrs. B. B. Comegys. Thanksgiving and praise for God's continued blessing in the work of Foreign Missions during the past year, with humble confession of our shortcomings in His service. Prayer that the whole Church may be baptized with the Holy Spirit and thus prepared for new obedience to her Lord's commands.

Wednesday—Mrs. J. R. Swain. Prayer that the power of Christ may rest on all the women of our Church and bring them, a great host, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Thursday—Mrs. J. W. Cochran. Prayer for the persecuted church in China; for missionaries and their children. Requests for prayer.

Friday—Mrs. E. B. Weitzel. Prayer for C. E. Societies and other organizations of young people, that they may be taught of God and become co-workers with Him in upbuilding His Kingdom; for more faith in God's promises, more love and obedience, increased financial sacrifices in order that the wheels of His chariot may not tarry.

VISITORS during the month have been many and most welcome. Besides presbyterial officers who have taken pains to make sure of a Tuesday forenoon in Witherspoon Building, we have seen again the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb of India, and heard Mrs. Holcomb's words of cheer from that land which has been her home for thirty-five years. From Dr. Elizabeth F. Lewis, our latest adopted missionary, came the assurance that unafraid she is planning to sail for Paotingfu, China, in January. Mrs. Pond of Venezuela brought a pathetic plea for helpers, and Mr. and Mrs. Graham, with their merry little boy, stayed over on their way to South America to lay the needs of Barranquilla before us.

A BRIEF memorial service for our martyred missionaries, Mrs. Machle and Mrs. Peale, preceded the Directors' meeting in November.

LEADERS of children, send for *How to Do It* and learn how those who have had the same problems as yourselves have solved them. Price, 5 cts.; sample copy free.

FOR inspiration in work for *Over Sea and Land* we quote the following note from the editor of a State journal: "Dear Editor: I am the father of four children. I am an editor, so they see many publications. *Over Sea and Land*, however, is the only one they impatiently await and it is their favorite. It strikes me as important that this should be so; somewhere there is in your little magazine the secret of getting at your readers. My little ones are average Americans, not saintly beyond their mates. If it shall make missionaries of the whole bunch, I shall not be sorry. It is a life worth while."

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48, Le Moyne Block, 40 E. Randolph Street, every Friday at 10 A. M. Visitors welcome.

THIS is the month to begin using the *Year Book of Prayer for 1906* (price, 10 cts.) Possibly the Secretaries of Literature in each society could induce at least each member of the missionary society, and better still every church member, to get a copy and use it daily in private devotions as well as at family worship. At this service, if there are children, make it their privilege to read the names for the day, with station work under each one's care, giving, too, the dates when work was begun at the station. Let some one see that the pastor has a copy, that he, too, may use it in his family. There is a great amount of information to be found between the covers of this little book. The month when the S. C. E. had "The Work of Our Denomination" for their subject they found on one page the figures necessary for their statistics, on another page the total number of C. E. Societies in every country.

ABOUT to enter upon a task of unusual difficulty, an officer asks prayer for herself and associates, especially that concord may mark every step. A correspondent asking for a small correction shows how even reproof may be made so sweet as to help, not hinder, "concord." "Please do not think I see only errors," she writes, "for your work is so beautifully correct that these minor errors are only flyspecks on an otherwise perfect record."

FOR Praise Meetings we have something new which will, we are sure, prove very attractive, *The New Testament, a Book of Praise;* price, 2 cts., 20 cts. per dozen. This is not a programme, although a Suggestive Programme is given on the last page, which includes the reading of this leaflet by the leader or some one specially appointed, and the giving of favorite or appropriate hymns by several young ladies. Other leaflets are *Muthania, the Story of a Word*, and *What a Little Child's Penny Did;* each, 1 ct. *Facts on Foreign Missions*, by Dr. Wanless (5 cts.), though not down to present date in some respects, is full of information. Address Miss S. B. Stebbins, Room 48, 40 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

N. B.—One cent will not pay for the leaflet, envelope and postage, for a single copy of a one-cent leaflet.

From New York.

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., cor. 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 A. M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour.

THE summer offering amounted to $2,608.07. It will gratify the contributors to see the following note:

MY DEAR MISS HUBBARD: I wish through you to extend the hearty thanks of the Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions for the very generous gift of $2,500 for enlarging and repairing the Rose Bachman Memorial Hospital at Chiningchow, China. You know from my former letter, which you printed in a leaflet, how urgent I regarded the matter. This munificent contribution will enable the hospital to secure an equipment which will make it far more useful. Will you kindly convey to the givers expressions of the Board's grateful appreciation. Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR J. BROWN.

THE *Year Book of Prayer for 1906*, with its attractive new cover and the delightful introduction by Dr. Halsey, is meeting with commendation on all sides. A new feature is the lists of our women missionaries in connection with the Boards with which they are associated. This month of December should exhaust the supply, so that all may begin the book with the new year.

OUR friends have so generally complied with our requests in regard to money orders and checks that we are encouraged to make still another. In ordering free literature *please send stamps, or money, for postage.* While the amount for each order may be but small, the aggregate makes a large demand.

FOR those studying Africa this year, we have prepared two packets of leaflets, the best published by our own and other Boards; price, 50 and 25 cts.

Packets of leaflets on *Methods*, *Prayer*, and *Giving*, 10 cts. each.

A new and attractive edition of *Missionary Souvenir Post Cards*, per dozen, 6 cts.

From Northern New York.

FREDONIA, N. Y.

MY DEAR CO-WORKERS: Some time ago I read that—

"It is the whole business of the Church,
It is the business of the whole Church,
To give the whole gospel
To the whole world as speedily as possible."

I said to myself, Does the Church credit this statement? What is the Church? The Church militant is God's family, composed of those men, women and children, who, having accepted Christ as their Saviour, have consecrated themselves to Him and to His service. All of you, dear friends, are therefore of this Church.

How about *your* whole business?

Is there one of you breaking this unity of the "whole Church?"

How much of the "whole gospel" are you giving?

How much haste are you making to give the glad tidings to the "whole world?" Suppose we should all answer these questions, as unto God, what would be the result?

First—Missions would come to the front and not be relegated to the rear; enthusiasts in missions would not be anomalies, receiving apologies for existence.

Second—There would be developed a mighty impulse to send the gospel everywhere and *now*.

Shall we this coming year realize and actualize the words with which I began my letter? They have been designated "a church motto." What hinders making them a *personal* motto? The Society of Northern New York should advance this year *fifteen per cent.*

in its gifts. As has been said, let us cease "playing at missions." Let the voices of our martyred missionaries mingle with those tones, which should touch all hearts:

"I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given to Me?"

Dear co-workers, out of a full heart I send to you, one and all, composing the Society of Northern New York, tender, loving greetings and best wishes for 1906.

I would lay upon you, as well as upon myself, the exceeding great and yet blessed responsibility of obeying our Saviour's behest, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." When we do this, by our money, our sacrifices and our prayers, yes, by our very selves, then and not till then shall we be able to comprehend what our Lord meant when He said, "Ye are my *friends*, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Faithfully yours,

(*Mrs. G. C.*) *C. B. S. Yeisley.*

JANUARY, 1906.

From St. Louis.

Meetings the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 10 A. M., Room 21, 1516 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. Missionary literature for sale at the above number. Visitors always cordially welcome.

DR. MARY MCLEAN, the well known St. Louis physician, was present at the November monthly meeting and told of her trip through China and Japan. Dr. McLean visited China with the intention of possibly entering into the medical missionary work, and to this end made an exhaustive study of our hospitals and dispensaries, staying eight months in these two countries. Her training at home, as well as her intelligent interest and sympathetic observation, gave her talk at the Board Rooms a unique interest. After six months' experience, it was decided that Dr. McLean's health was unequal to the change of climate, hence her return home.

A LETTER received from Miss Mary Barrett of Korea was highly appreciated. Our Board is well represented now in the Hermit Kingdom, as the McCunes have also been assigned to that field. Mrs. McCune, in a letter just received, tells of her interest in the work at Pyeng Yang, the attractiveness of Korean women, and "that wonderful Central Church." She also gives a full account of their shipwreck and God's marvelous protection of "His own." May God bless our dear ones in Korea!

GOOD NEWS! Dr. Fleming is in this country. She is at Redlands, Cal., and hopes to be in St. Louis in December or thereabouts. And *now* we shall hear all about our wonderful Ichowfu Hospital—our monument in China.

MRS. ROBERT RANKEN was with us the first meeting of November and told of the growing interest in St. Louis Presbytery,—nineteen new societies this year, and the end of the presbyterial year not yet. Mrs Ranken announces as the Presbytery's watchword, "A missionary society in every church in the Presbytery by the date of our Silver Jubilee, April, 1907." We cannot express too warmly our appreciation of Mrs. Ranken's splendid "Forward Movement" in our Presbytery, as well as our recognition of the valuable aid and co-operation she receives from her very notable band of presbyterial officers.

MRS. HARRY WILLIAMS is touring Kansas at present, and is writing very cheering reports of her work and expressing her appreciation of the kindness she meets everywhere.

A NEW officer was appointed in the Board, a Secretary of Literature, Miss Eugenia Switzer,—address, 1516 Locust St. Miss Switzer will be glad to communicate with presbyterial and local Secretaries of Literature regarding their work, and will cheerfully give advice and suggestions concerning leaflets, programmes, and other matters of interest in her department. Please, however, *do not send orders* for literature to Miss Switzer, but to Miss Keith, as usual.

NEW BANDS.

NEW JERSEY: Chester, Girls' Bd.
NEW YORK: Cortland, North Side Ch., Jr. C.E.; Oswego, Grace Ch., Sunshine Band; Preble, Jr. C.E.
PENNSYLVANIA: Bernice, Sunshine Band; West Sunbury, Busy Bees.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from Nov. 1, 1905

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ATLANTIC.—Eutawville, 1st, 1.75; James Island, 1, $2.75
BALTIMORE.—Annapolis, 2; Baltimore, 2d, 3, Alexander Proudfit Bd., 3.55, Willing Hearts, 10.20; Aisquith St., C. E., 20; Broadway, Bands, 16.33, C.E., 2.50; Brown Mem'l, Two Ladies, 250; Catonsville, C.E., 10; Central, 10; Covenant, 4, C.E , 5, C.E. Jr., 5, Home Dept., 3; Lafayette Sq., 26; Northm'r, 50; Waverly, 6.50, Girls' Bd., 5, C.E., 10; Chestnut Grove, 5, C.E., 3; Deer Creek, Harmony, 10; Frederick, 6.50; Govanstown, 18; Havre de Grace, 4, C.E., 2; Mt. Paran, 8; Relay, 3, 501.58
CINCINNATI.—Bantam, 75 cts.; Cincinnati, 1st, Lights for Darkness, 13.50; 2d, 12; 3d, C.E., 15; 7th, 29; Mohawk, 12, King's Messengers, 6, Miss'y Travelers, 6; Mt. Auburn, 52; North, 5; Sabbath Day, 10; Walnut Hills, Humphrey Bd., 5; College Hill, 25; Delhi, 10; Glendale, 10.44; Hartwell, 10; Lebanon, 1; Linwood, 9; Madisonville, 8; Montgomery, 5, C.E., 3; Morrow, 23.50; Norwood, 15; Pleasant Ridge, 9.75; Pleasant Run, 20.50; Wyoming, 42 10; A Friend, 15, 373.54
CLARION.—Clarion, 40; Edenburg, 7; Penfield, 5; Punxsutawney, 5.45, C.E., 8; Richland, 25; Sugar Hill, 5, 95.45
CLEVELAND.—Cleveland, Calvary, 100.00
FAIRFIELD.—Bethlehem, 2d, 1.50; Carmel, 2; Hermon, 1; Ladson, 1.75; Melina, 50 cts.; Mt. Tabor, 50 cts., 7.25
GRAFTON.—Buckhannon, 6.25; Clarksburg, 1.08; C.E., 2.22; Fairmont, 4.50; French Creek, 1.50, C.E., 2; Grafton, 4.80; Kingwood, C.E. Jr., 5; Mannington, 5; Morgantown, 10.50, 42.85
HUNTINGDON.—Newton Hamilton, C.E., 3.00
MAUMEE.—Bowling Green, 22.71, C.E., 97 cts.; Bryan, C.E., 9.70; Defiance, C.E., 25; Delta, 8.77, C.E., 9.70; Grand Rapids, 2; Montpelier, C.E., 4.85; Napoleon, 7.76; North Baltimore, 5, C.E., 5; Pemberville, 9; Pleasant Ridge, 7.76; Toledo, Collingwood Ave., 31, Sunbeam Bd., 4.37; East Side, 7.76; 1st Westm'r, 6, C.E., 1.25; 3d, 15; 5th, 11; West Bethesda, 5; West Unity, 3, 202.60
MORRIS AND ORANGE.—South Orange, 1st, C.E., 50.00
NEW BRUNSWICK.—Flemington, C.E., 1.50; Lambertville, C.E., 1; Princeton, 1st, C.E., 15, Prof. Willson, 5; Trenton, 4th, C.E., 1; Bethany, C.E., 10, 33.50
NEW CASTLE.—Head of Christiana, 5; Pitts Creek, 28.66; Wilmington, Central, C.E., 8, C.E. Jr., 4; Hanover St., C. E., 10; West, 12.15, 67.81
NEWTON.—Andover, 4, C.E., 10; Belvidere, 1st, 27.60, Willing Workers, 20; Blairstown, 64.50; Hackettstown, 9; Newton, 25.70; Oxford, 1st, 19; Phillipsburg, Westm'r, 28.25; Stillwater, 4, 212.05
PHILADELPHIA.—Bethany, 35; Calvary, Mother's Bd., 9.56, Little Helpers, 4 65, Obedience Bd., 2.86; Emmanuel, C.E., 25; Evangel, C.E. Jr., 6.65; Mutchmore Mem'l, 20; Olivet, 150, Jesus' Little Lambs, 20, Y.L., 2; Patterson

Mem'l, 8; Princeton, 190; Temple, 20; Tioga, 25; West Hope, C.E., 10; Woodland, Fullerton Soc., 28.68; Philadelphia Pres. Soc., 47.36, 604.70
PHILADELPHIA NORTH.—Danboro, Union, C.E., 16.90
SOUTH FLORIDA.—Crystal River, 25.00
SOUTHERN VIRGINIA.—Burkville, Ingleside Sem., C.E., 5.00
WASHINGTON CITY.—Anacostia, Garden Mem'l, 4.50, Guiding Star Bd., 2.50; Ballston, Va., 5; Berwyn, Md., 11, C.E., 1.35; Clifton, Va., 1.80, Band, 1.36; Eckington, D.C., 10, C.E., 4.44, C.E. Jr., 2.50; Hyattsville, Md., 24.70; Kensington, Warner Mem'l, 12.68; Manassas, Va., 9.50, C.E., 94 cts., C.E. Jr., 1; Neelsville, Md., 15; Riverdale, Md., 6, C.E., 7; Takoma Park, 9, C.E., 3.50; Washington, 1st, C.E., 8.62; 4th, 28, C.E. Jr., 1, S.S. Miss'y Soc., 20.51; 6th, 20.88, Cheerful Givers, 5, C.E., 1.25; 15th St., 5; Assembly, 10; Covenant, Y.L. Bible Class, 40, C.E., 13.70; Peck Chapel, C.E., 9; Eastern, 4.55, Miss'y Circle, 3.75; Gunton Temple, 3.50, C.E., 5, C.E. Jr., 3.25; Gurley Mem'l, 18, C.E. Jr., 2; Heights, 12; Metropolitan, 25, Mateer Bd., 45, In-as-much, 15, C.E., 8, C.E. Jr., 20; New York Ave., 145, L.L.B., 2.25, C.E., 13.75; Bethany Chapel, 2; North, 7.50; Western, 15, L.L.B., 4.23; West St., 55, C.E., 6, 712.51
MISCELLANEOUS.—Friend of Missions, Mansfield, O., 2; Miscel., 100, 102.00

Total for November, 1905, $3,158.49
Total since May 1, 1905, 37,382.35

(MISS) SARAH W. CATTELL, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
Nov. 30, 1905.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest for the month ending November 20, 1905.

ADAMS.—Hallock, C.E., $32.00
BOX BUTTE.—Alliance, C.E., 50 cts.; Scott's Bluff, 3.20, C.E., 2; Valentine, C.E., 2.50, Jr.C.E., 64 cts., 8.84
BUTTE.—Missoula, 4.00
CAIRO.—Bridgeport, 1.75; Cairo, 5; Carbondale, 6; Centralia, 6; Du Quoin, 7; Flora, 9; Golconda, 2.50; Harrisburg, 14.60; Mt. Carmel, 42.75; Murphysboro, 10; Olney, 3.55; Tamaroa, 3, 111.15
CEDAR RAPIDS.—Cedar Rapids, Sinclair Mem'l, 5.00
CHICAGO.—Berwyn, 15; Chicago, Austin, 1st, Faith Bennett Bd., 20; Avondale, 5; Brighton Pk., C.E., 2; Calvary, C.E., 5; Crerar Chapel, 2.50; 2d, 138.75; 4th, 15, C.E., 79, Jr. C.E., 5; 6th, 64; 7th, C.E., 10; Englewood, 1st, C.E., 12.50; 41st St., C.E., 25; Garfield Blvd., C.E., 3.50; Hyde Pk., 220, Y.P.S., 2.20; Normal Pk., C.E., 2.50; Evanston, 1st, 111.30; Joliet, 1st, 45; Kankakee, 11.75, C.E., 8; La Grange, 25; Lake Forest, 60, Steady Streams, 19.31; North Chicago, 3; River Forest, 10; Waukegan, 24, C.E., 8, 952.31
COUNCIL BLUFFS.—Carson, 1.98
DES MOINES.—Le Roy, 4.00
DULUTH.—H. E. H., 15.00
GUNNISON.—Salida, Jr. C.E., 5.00
HELENA.—Boulder, 5; Bozeman, 5.55; Central Pk., 2.40; Helena, 2.75; Manhattan, 4, 19.70
IOWA CITY.—Davenport, 1st, 9, Y.L.S., 2; Williamsburg, C.E., 5, 16.00
KENDALL.—Franklin, Bd., 1; Idaho Falls, 5; Paris, Earnest Workers, 2, 8.00
LAKE SUPERIOR.—Newberry, Jr. C.E., 1.00
LOGANSPORT.—Monticello, 26.00
MANKATO.—Blue Earth, 19.50; Delhi, 1.20, C.E., 10; Jackson, 8.60; Mankato, 28.74, C.E., 12.50; Tracy, 7.25, 87.79
MUNCIE.—Converse, Miss Julia R. Kelsey, 10.00
NEBRASKA CITY.—Adams, 6.25; Auburn, 3.84; Falls City-Jr. C.E., 1; Firth, 11; Lincoln, 1st, 38.40; 2d, 10; Westm'r, C.E., 1.80; Pawnee, 16; Utica, C.E., 6.75; York, C.E., 2.50, 97.54
OTTAWA.—Aurora, Jr. C.E., 5; Earlville, 2.50; Elgin, 11; Mendota, 17; Ottawa, 12, C.E., 8; Sandwich, 5; Waltham, 5; Waterman, 5, 70.50
RED RIVER.—Elbow Lake, C.E., 50 cts.; Maine, 3, C.E., 2; Westm'r, 2.50, 8.00
ST. CLOUD.—Brown Valley, Jr. C.E., 8.00
ST. PAUL.—St. Paul, Arlington Heights, 4.15; Dayton Ave., C.E., 25.65; Goodrich Ave., 3; House of Hope, 84.50; Macalester, 8; White Bear, C.E., 2, 127.30
SIOUX CITY.—Ashton, German, 5.00
SOUTHERN DAKOTA.—Bridgewater, 3.50; Canistota, 3.50, 7.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—South Dakota Synodical Soc., 10; Illinois, ditto, 10; Iowa, ditto, 10; Wisconsin, ditto, 10; Olympia, Anon., 3, 43.00

Total receipts for month, $1,674.11
Total receipts since April 20, 27,177.22

MRS. THOMAS E. D. BRADLEY, *Treas.*,
Room 48, Le Moyne Block, 40 East Randolph St.
CHICAGO, NOV. 20, 1905.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for November, 1905.

* Indicates Praise Offering

BOSTON, MASS.—Boston, Scotch, 5, C.E., 5; South Boston, 5; Brookline, 5; Lowell, 2; Providence, R. I., 1st, C. E., 6.25; Waltham, C.E., 10, $38.25
BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, Ainslie St., 12.66; Bethany, 2.57; 1st, 323.50, City Park Branch, 15.31, Cheerful Givers, 5; Flatbush, 5.25; Lafayette Ave., Cuyler Bd., 12; Mem'l, 36.77, 24th St. Branch, 2.10; Noble St., 2.50; Ross St., 18.17, C.E., 55; 2d, 25.75, Y.L.S., 2.25; South 3d St., 272.83, Y.L.S., 237.92; Throop Ave., 30, Mission, A Friend, 6; Westm'r, 5.09; A Friend, 1, 1,071.67
BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Park, 5; Olean, 10; Westfield, 90, 105.00
CHEMUNG.—Elmira, 1st, 14.50; Lake St., 24.24; North, 11.50; Watkins, 15, 65.24
EBENEZER, KY.—Maysville, 1st, Jr. C.E., 10.00
GENEVA.—Geneva, 1st, *7.55, C.E., 25.35; North, 6.25, *38, Y.L.S., *7.44; Phelps, 10; Seneca Falls, C.E., 15; Trumansburg, *20; Waterloo, 5, 134.59
HUDSON.—Florida, Jr. C.E., 5.68; Nyack, 30; Ridgebury, C.E., 7.50; Unionville, C.E., 5, 48.18
LONG ISLAND.—Cutchogue, 1.50; East Hampton, 16.25; Port Jefferson, 19.50; Sag Harbor, 80 cts.; Setauket, C.E., 5; Southampton, C.E., 5.58, 48.63
LOUISVILLE, KY.—Hopkinsville, 24.65, C.E., 10; Louisville, Covenant, 9, Sunshine Bd., 1; 4th, 4; 4th Ave., 28.20, Humphrey Bd., 25; Immanuel, 2.75; Warren Mem'l, Mrs. Culbertson, 150; Owensboro, 17; Pewee Valley, 7, 278.60
LYONS.—Ontario, 5; Palmyra, C.E., 20; Red Creek, 5; Williamson, C.E., 5; Wolcott, 20, 55.00
MORRIS AND ORANGE, N. J.—Morristown, 1st, 205, Missionary Workers, 5, 210.00
NASSAU.—Astoria, 13; Elmhurst, 15; Freeport, 5, *9.33; Glen Cove, 30; Hempstead, C.E., 3; Huntington, Central, 35; 1st, 25; Jamaica, *39.28; Oyster Bay, 10; Roslyn, 8; Smithtown Branch, Cheerful Workers, 18.91, C.E., 15; Whitestone, 1, 227.52
NEW YORK.—New York, Bethany, 3.25; Brick, 2; Central, 1; Faith, Inter. C.E., 5; 4th, 50, C.E., 9.60; Madison Ave., 43; North, 30; Park, 89, Y.W.S., 67.50; Rutgers, 15; University Pl., Light Bearers, 18; Bethlehem Chapel, C.E., 20; De Witt Mem'l, C.E., 16, 369.35
OTSEGO.—Delhi, 1st, 30.00
ROCHESTER.—Avon, 5; Gates, 15.50; Gouverneur, C.E., 5; Mendon, 2; Ogden, 42; Pittsford, 8; Rochester, Brick, 27; Emmanuel, 5.25; Mem'l, King's Messengers, 35; St. Peter's, 6.35; 3d, 1.20, Y.W.S., 25, 177.30
STEUBEN.—Campbell, 1.25
SYRACUSE.—Baldwinsville, 5; Fulton, 250; Marcellus, C. E., 5; Mexico, 40; Pompey, C.E., 5; Syracuse, 4th, Children, 19; Park, 25, C.E., 3.50; Westm'r, 2.20, 354.70
UTICA.—Clinton, 25; Holland Patent, 10; Ilion, 10, C.E., 50; New Hartford, 10; Rome, 25, S.S., 25; South Trenton, 21; Utica, Westm'r, 50, Fisher Bd., 50; Vernon, C.E., 5; Waterville, 50; Whitesboro, 5, 336.00
WESTCHESTER.—Bridgeport, Ct., 57.50; Croton Falls, 2.50; Dobbs Ferry, 5; Greenwich, Ct., 60; Harrison, C.E., 5; Holyoke, Mass., 5; Katonah, 14.25; Mt Kisco, 9.50; New Rochelle, North Ave., 23.75; Ossining, 21, C.E., 50; Patersou, 5; Peekskill, 1st, Y.W.S., 10; Stamford, Ct., 2.20; Thompsonville, Ct., 10; Yonkers, 1st, 75, 355.70
MISCELLANEOUS.—A Friend, 10; Coll. at Prayer-meeting, 27.83; Interest on Riesch Fund, 50, 87.83

Total, $4,004.81
Total for the year, $3,598.98

HENRIETTA W. HUBBARD, *Treas.*,
156 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest for the Month Ending November 24, 1905.

AUSTIN.—Galveston, 4th, C.E., 2.55; San Antonio, Mrs. N. H. Ford, 15, $17.55
CIMARRON.—Enid, 30, C.E., 5, 35.00
NORTH TEXAS.—Wichita Falls, 8.50
KANSAS SYNODICAL SOCIETY, 5.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Interest on Deposits, 2.43

Total for month, $68.48
Total to date, 4,805.95

MRS. WM. BURG, *Treas.*,
Nov. 24, 1905. 1756 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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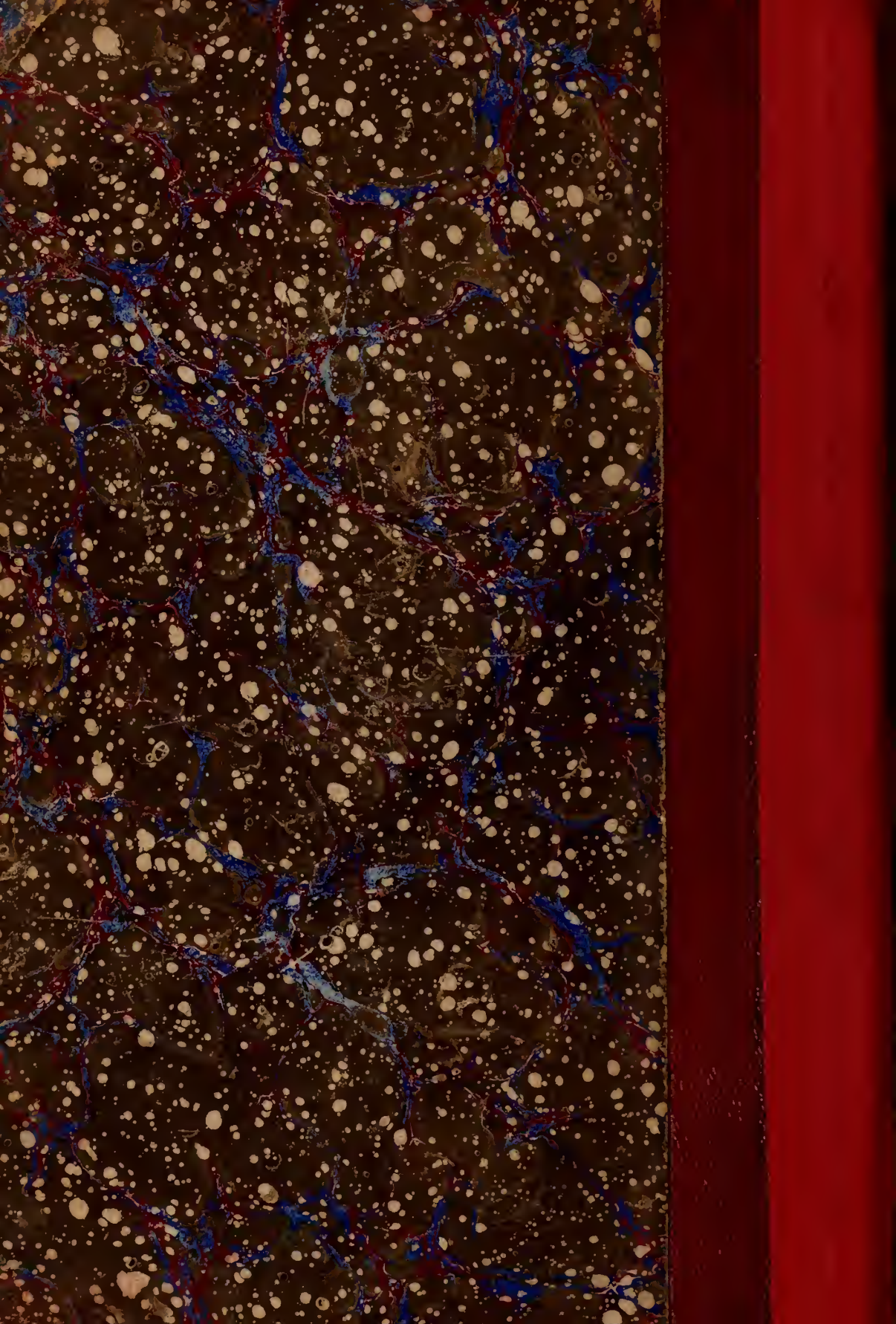
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